ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1862.

Light.

BY IRENE IRIS.

"Marie!"

The name floated sweetly up through the wide staircase and hall of our old-fashioned Greenwood Parsonage. It was my mother's voice, but from sudden perverseness, I made no reply.

"Marie!"

Again my name sounded, clear and distinct as a bird's note of welcome; and, knowing that it would not do longer to remain silent, I stepped to the stairs' head, and answered.

"Will you be down soon, daughter? Your father desires you to be presented to our guests before tea."

"Yes, mamma, I will come."

So saying, I turned back to my room with a feeling of irritability and dejection in my heart, which, looking back over the hilly slopes of more than a-half score of years, I still remember with a shade of mortification and regret.

Glancing at the mirror, and observing that my hair needed no re-adjusting, I passed on to my low ottoman by the window, inwardly measuring the moments I might permit to elapse before going below.

Half unconsciously, I leaned forth and plucked from the blossoming bough of the fragrant locust which shaded my little room, a sweet coronal of flowers. I had often done this before, but never so absently; for I loved the flowers, but these more than all. The tree was of my own setting, when merely a child, and each fair floweret, as it gladdened me with its perfumed breath, seemed an old-time friend, a kindred spirit—not *human*, it is true, but then so full of life and beauty as, in my thought, at least, to be imperishable.

And so, in my quiet fancies, I never dreamed of the flowers *dying;* their *outer* beauty might fade, but who should tell me that the unseen life, floating out upon the sweet summer zephyrs, should not float on and on forever, ever living, a part of the vast Eternal.

Those were my girlhood's fancies; I was but fifteen then, and I used sometimes to smile at their weird shapes, and rejoice that the court in which they floated airily, was sacred and secure from others' gaze.

Now I lean upon a glorious structure of Truth, and emblazoned on its front appear the words, "Nothing truly beautiful shall ever die."

Yet was it not of flowers I would speak, but of the events which brought my father's old friends, Arthur Haywood, and his son Ernest, away from the great city to our quiet country parsonage, and why it was that I had for them no thought or word of welcome.

Judge Haywood and my father had ever been tried and intimate friends. Several circumstances had conduced to render them such from the period of the arrival of the elder Haywood, in company with Charles Larne, my father's ancestor, from the sunny South-land, across the broad Atlantic.

There were novel incidents connected with the young gentleman's departure from the ancestral home, and rumors were current of a disinheritance, because the son would allow his affections to centre upon a young and lovely woman, whose only wealth consisted of a pure heart and intelligent mind.

Certain it is that, upon a return to his native land some years later, Arthur Haywood wedded her whom long years before he had won, and brought her to the land of his adoption, installing her the gentle, dark-eyed priestess of the home-altar he had erected alone, unaided by the paltry gold of his father.

One year only did their united lives flow smoothly on, and then did the devoted wife pass gently away, like the lily's breath, from the home she had consecrated by her tender and pure affections, leaving an infant son as her only legacy to the distracted and broken-hearted father. This beauteous flower, of southern birth, had faded from his northern home, but in Arthur Haywood's soul she still lived imperishably.

Wealth and position were his in after days as a reward of his cheerless toil. His rooms were large and richly furnished, as became the man. The son grew up a child of rare promise, while every feature revealed the exquisite loveliness of her, who still dwelt the idol of the father's heart. There were the same dark intelligent eyes, the same glossy locks of wavy hair, and the same broad high brow, with its tint of brown.

A precious gift was the son to the father; but ever in their cheerless home, by the once desolated hearth-stone, a shadow flitted—a shadow of the joys that "might have been."

I had often heard my father speak of Ernest Haywood, of his eager thirst for knowledge, of his rare appreciation of all things bright and beautiful in nature or in art, and of his early promotion from academical to college halls. Yet had I scarcely noticed all this, till a few months previous to the time of which I write, the sad intelligence was received that the promising young student was prostrated with illness that almost conquered hope.

His eager, intemperate thirst for knowledge, unrestrained, was now doing its work upon the frail casket, in which was enshrined the immortal part. The shattered nerves recoiled, and the light which had lured the aspiring intellect on, had lured but to destroy.

There were long, long weeks of forgetfulness, in which hope died of weary waiting. Yet once again did the lamp of life renew its brightness. Slowly but surely new strength returned to the weary, suffering body, and the eyes, so long closed to the light of reason, opened to a consciousness of life; but, looking out upon the bright and beautiful world, found only darkness.

Closed were the avenues through which Ernest Haywood's exultant soul had looked out upon the beauteous creation, revelling in pure admiration of that Creative Power which could so sweetly blend in one "harmonious whole" earth and sky, clouds and sunshine, flowers and dew, beauty and immortality. Between himself and all without a veil seemed hung; and like a weird phantom, dwelling statue-like in the innermost sanctuary of his being, was the ever-present consciousness, "I'm blind—*I'm blind!*"

Then again came the reaction of an agonizing despair upon the still weakened frame, and though more slowly, yet quite as surely seemed the young invalid's steps tending gravewards. To him *this* was no trial. *To live*, and *thus*, was what crushed him with its weight of gloom and dread.

But the hapless father still clung to the life dearer than his own, and, with the intuitive eye of Faith and Hope, could yet see the future of his son, though changed, still bright and glorious.

"A change of scene," had the physicians said, "and the fresh, pure air of the country, are absolutely essential now."

"But this is not all, or the most important influence," wrote the still hopeful parent, in the letter which announced their desire to seclude themselves for awhile, among the green hills and vales of our lakelet home.

"Looking back over the past of my *own* life, when sometimes it has seemed that the bitter waves of tribulation and sorrow would cover me in one desolating sweep; when I have stood trembling and faint in the dreary darkness of the spirit's night, it has never been from the grim, lifeless skeleton of *human* wisdom, or from the fleeting and evanescent beauty of the outer world, however eagerly I may have drunk from its brimming chalice, that the lamp of hope has been rekindled, or the pure consolations of peace and joy restored to the bowed and weary heart.

"O, there is a light ineffable in its brightness, emanating from a sun which knows in setting, an eternal day to each of us, if the spirit's vision be but unsealed to partake of its glory. Words of promise dropped from your lips, my friend, in that hour of darkness which you cannot *yet* have forgotten, have been like 'apples of gold' in the silver setting of my life, growing brighter and brighter each passing day, under the radiant sun of eternal truth.

"Because of these pure and holy memories, *I* come to you hopefully, trusting the silent influences of those truths you love so well to proclaim, and of the exalted faith which has revealed itself in your life, may serve to enlighten the gloom of despair, and to bring new strength to the afflicted spirit of my son. To Ernest, all of the future seems one dark night of gloom. The beautiful world shut forever

from his gaze! But darker still the necessity which compels him to relinquish all plans for the future, to forego the delights which science and art had spread before his entranced vision, and which he had been so eager to grasp.

"Ah, me! how eagerly we quaff of the small streams of knowledge which have forced themselves slowly and with pain through the long, dull ages of antiquity; and, if the hand of Providence but seals them up, we mourn and languish and rebel, when He is but leading us up through the blind paths and tangled glades of the hillside to the fountain's head, whose source is *immortality*."

My father was glad and hopeful when this letter came—I wondered how he *could* be so. It seemed to me like spreading a pall over the cheerful quiet of our woodland home. It is fearful even to *write* such selfish thoughts as were *mine*. Had Ernest Haywood been what he was one year before, I should have hailed his coming as a promise of new variety to the social enjoyment of our household. I should have relished his companionship in my walks and rides, his aid at the oars of my little boat, and his reading to me while I sewed, or arranged fresh bouquets in the shady arbor of our garden walks. "But to bring the gloom and despondency of his *present* existence into our home, promises little enjoyment," I selfishly pined.

And, when my father expressed a wish that I should do all in my power to render his young friend's stay with us pleasant and profitable, striving even to win him into a forgetfulness of his fearful blindness, I had replied with ill-concealed vexation,

"It is certainly not much that I can do, to relieve the dull monotony of such a life as Mr. Haywood's must now be."

"Not so, Marie!" my father replied. "It is rather from your companionship, your music, your books, your voice, that I must expect an antidote to the dreary melancholy in which my friend is plunged."

But I rose hastily and left the room; and a tinge of shame glows upon my features now as I recall that moment's thought, "Would that some event might prevent his coming." Yet now the expected guests had arrived. My mother had called and I must obey her summons. Rising from the low seat by my open window, through which the laughing, nodding locust was yielding its perfumed breath, for once unheeded, I descended to the parlor.

My father mentioned my name to Judge Haywood, who "remembered to have seen me twice before, on occasional visits to Greenwood Parsonage, but should not have recognized the little girl of former years, in the plump, rosy-cheeked maiden who stood before him. I was much altered," he said; and then I was introduced to the young gentleman, who, in a low, gentle voice, repeated my name, at the same time gracefully rising and extending his hand, which I took, passing on to a seat near my father.

This first meeting I had expected would be attended with an awkward embarrassment; but from the moment my eye rested upon the youth, who sat at the end of the sofa, resting his forehead upon his open palm, all anxiety had vanished. I felt the warm glow upon my cheeks, it is true, and saw a slight tint, as of a half clouded sunset, rise slowly over the pale features of the blind boy, till it nestled lovingly among the glossy curls that hung carelessly around the ample brow.

Eighteen years! t could not be that all these had passed over young Ernest's life. How slight and boyish his frame! And yet there was an earnest, thoughtful expression upon his noble brow, still radiant with the glowing light of genius.

My entering the room did not seem to have disturbed the current of social intercourse, which was gliding cheerily on between the reunited friends. Soon the tea-bell rang, and rising, my father passed Ernest's arm within his own, and, talking cheerfully all the time, led the way to the dining-hall.

Our evening meal was soon over; and though my mother had herself prepared some delicacies, with which she had thought to tempt the appetites of our guests, one at least, refused them all. From his slight repast Mr. Haywood arose, with the flush of anxiety and fatigue deep set upon his cheeks; and very soon after he retired to his own room.

Weeks passed away, with their burden of care and of sorrow. Judge Haywood had returned to the city, leaving his son well content to remain with us; and, as my father had urged him to make our rural parsonage his home, so long as his health seemed improving from contact with our free life and pure mountain air, it was probable that he would remain much longer than was at first proposed.

We need not weary you with recounting all the events of the glad summer months that passed away. How I learned that Ernest Haywood's voice was deep and clear and full of melody: how he loved to stand by my side and sing while I played, though not half as

well as he could have done: how the garden walks and silver lakelets shone, each hill and dell and tree, became familiar as the furniture of his own room: how I had even taught him to manage the oars of my little skiff, that danced so lightly over the waves. And, as we gayly floated on, how often we poised our oars that I might describe some jagged point of rock, some curve or angle in the shadowy outlines. How we rowed close by the beach, where here a willow, there an elm, dipped their long slender branches in the clear water, while the birds overhead swung gayly to the anthem they were chanting with the waves.

There were green mounds and hills, low dells and rocky coves; there were long swells of meadow land, then a curve or a sharp angle or a projecting point, fringed with lofty oaks and maples, or the low, gnarled shrubbery, whispering ever among its green leaves of berries and nuts in the autumn-time.

Then how often, after Ernest had learned that all avenues of joy and gladness were not closed to him because of that fearful blindness, when strength and health came back to the wasted frame, and his form grew round and manly, and full of nerve and life, how often did we row up the current to the great rock, standing sentinel at the head of the lake, just for the pleasure of floating down with the tide, to the music of our voices or Ernest's low guitar.

And do you think that all this beauty was shut out from the soul of the blind boy, who wandered amid its rapturous scenes? Let the words which escaped his impassioned lips, after one of my vain efforts to describe some scene of rare beauty and loveliness, be the response—

"Ah, Marie!" said he—"I see it *all*, now; so that, were my eyes suddenly to be opened upon these fair retreats, I could name them all, even as you have named them over to me so often."

We sat one evening, side by side, on a latticed porch. I had been reading to Ernest some sad and touching tale, which kept my feelings subdued and my voice low; and he had been talking whenever he liked, always stopping me at some glowing description of suffering or of deep emotion, to add a life-tint to the picture of a soul akin to his own. His lip would tremble slightly, and a pale rose-tint rise slowly to the glossy curls that drooped in mingled beauty and grace over the pale intellectual brow.

At length I closed the book, for the glowing Indian Summer sun had thrown back the golden portals of his inner court, and was laying his farewell offering upon the altar he had that day consecrated with his rarest, loveliest gifts.

Vainly did I attempt to describe the beauty of the rapturous scene. Words failed me, and Ernest, catching the inspiration of the hour, exclaimed—

"Marie, do you know I felt that some demonstration of God's power and love was being displayed around us? Sometimes it seems to me that our mental and spiritual states are strangely affected by these various natural manifestations of sublimity and grandeur.

"But this beauty, at which you gaze, is fleeting and evanescent, for a cloud is even now sealing up the radiant portals through which the sun has passed to the unseen glory beyond. But the impression of its parting smile, transcribed upon my soul is immortal—unchanging."

These eager, imaginative words, sounded strange from one whose life I had thought so fraught with bitterness—so dark—so very dark. And listening, I made no reply.

Then suddenly, as if from strange impulse, my companion extended his hand, and plucked from the slender vine that had climbed the lattice a bunch of delicate flowers.

"These are blue," he said. And I assented.

"Like your eyes, Marie; only your eyes are the darkest."

I laughed gayly, and replied that my eyes were not like the flowers, but like the smooth brown nuts that grew on the gnarled bushes in the cove of the southern beach."

Ernest smiled sadly, and reaching forth his hand, placed it gently upon my head, saying—

"Then, if your eyes are 'nut brown,' as you say, must the bands of your hair be not black and glossy, like the raven's wing, but dark, *very dark*. Eh, Marie?—this is so, is it not?"

"Yes, Ernest," I replied, quietly, for I could not smile *now*, so plainly was the struggle of a sensitive spirit visible upon the quivering lip and flushed features of my companion.

I think my heart had never gone forth so much in sympathy with the afflicted one as now; and when, after a few moments' silence, he asked in tones low and tender from subdued emotion—

"Have I ever told you, Marie, how all my life I have yearned for the love of a mother or sister?—and that in *your* companion-

ship I seem almost to realize my beauteous ideal of a sister's pure, disinterested sympathy and affection ?"

I replied, impulsively—

"You had not told me, Ernest; but I will be your sister if you choose."

"Thank you, Marie!" were his eager words. "Thus will I regard you then, and forever bless the moment which has endowed my life with so rich a treasure."

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Never once in all those long summer months had I acknowledged to myself that my intimate association with Ernest Haywood was for any other object than the happiness it might afford to him. I remembered the feeling which possessed me when his coming to Greenwood Parsonage was first announced, and commended myself much for the efforts I had made to render his stay with us pleasant and profitable, as my father had desired.

Ah, how often is it when we are *best* satisfied with ourselves, some test of character will unbidden come, as a temptation or trial, and discover to us depths to the heart which *deceives*, whose motives we can never *fully* fathom.

So one quiet Sabbath evening, just as the bell from the little brown church was sending its welcoming peals among hills, and dells, and coves, to the heart of each devout worshipper at its altar, Ernest Haywood had asked me to guide his steps thitherward. Pride awoke and whispered within my spirit—"You would not like to walk down the long aisle leaning upon the arm, guiding the faltering steps of the blind."

So I hesitated, and suggested that my "father might not yet have gone," though I knew that, as was his custom, he had left the Parsonage to spend an hour in quiet meditation in his Sabbath sanctuary.

Ernest sat down by my side, and for some moments spoke not a word. At length, he said—

"I am anxious to go to-night, Marie. The words which fell from your father's lips this morning were like gentle dews upon the thirsty earth to my suffering spirit. I did not know that so much of truth could be evolved from one single promise of that Holy Word—'He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.' How sweetly falls the consciousness of the All-Father's protecting providences over even the least of his creatures, upon the hitherto dark future of my life. And to-night do I long to grasp the pure gems that shall be revealed from the inmost of that prophetic promise to such as I. 'There shall be no night there.' And shall we not walk together, Marie?"

Perverted pride, rising in all its hideous deformity, could not crush that strongest of all other emotions from my heart—love for my father; and under the impulse thoughts of him had given, I answered—

"I will go with you, Ernest."

So we walked together down the smoothly gravelled walk leading to the little brown church under the spreading maple boughs, which cast fitful shadows all about us. And that night Ernest Haywood drank deep draughts of Celestial Truth, which left an impress of inspiring thought and holy calm upon his beautiful features.

At nine o'clock we parted in the hall of the parsonage, my companion going directly to his own room, but calmly uttering, ere he went—

"If, when we both awaken in that bright Morning Land, I should be in possession of more light than *you*, my sister, I will remember and gratefully guide you, even as you have guided my steps to-night. Good-night!" And with these words, Ernest Haywood passed out of my sight, but not out of my thought.

I was stunned, mortified at the revelation of *myself*, as I listened to the words which, with the slightly subdued and agitated manner, told me that the sensitive nature and keen perceptions of my companion had read the inmost of my motives and thoughts that night, and that I had added another sorrow to the heart already suffering and oppressed.

Passing to my own room, I closed the door quickly and silently behind me, and then throwing myself upon a couch, covered my face with my hands, and wept.

What a recompense were those words of kindness to me! And for what? A craven selfishness, which had caused me to falter at the first call upon me to sacrifice aught for the good of another, and that other the one to whose earnest, pleading loneliness I had responded with the promise of a sister's sympathy and affection. Then for the first time did I seem to recognize our true and mutual relations to each other. While my mental and moral nature had been exalted by intimate communings with Mr. Haywood's lofty intellect, his pure and unaffected morality, his inspiring love of all beauty, and sublime faith in the immortal part, I had indeed been blind, and weak, and deceived.

Far away into the night did I sit by my low

window in solitary communings with my own thoughts, and weep, and pray that I might become a fitter companion for the pure and good—that my eyes might be opened to revel in *that* brightness which so sweetly illumined the pathway of Ernest Haywood.

Not many months after this, our guest of the long bright summer months left us to return to the great city. My father accompanied him thither, and after a brief visit returned, bringing the intelligence that, as he had long desired, Mr. Haywood had entered a retreat for those now united to himself through a mutual misfortune. This he had done more for the purpose of becoming familiar with the lives, hopes and destinies of this unfortunate class, than for any purposes of self-culture.

Thus one year glided away, in which I learned in my lonely rambles at my solitary and unaided tasks how beautiful had been my companionship with one so winning, so gifted, so pure.

At length there came to Judge Haywood and his son the enjoyment of a long-since projected tour upon the Continent, amid the sunny smiles of their ancestral home, and as a parting gift to Greenwood Parsonage, a passing visit to its quiet surroundings.

Then I think it was that Ernest Haywood and I first became conscious of that true union and sympathy of soul which had ever made our lives, when in companionship, glide sweetly on, like the low, smooth tones of a musical chime.

And as we talked sitting in a fragrant arbor, or by the murmuring beach, of the beautiful past and the silent future, now looming up with its years of absence, our spirits clasped hands in the *mutual* consciousness of a blessed unity of heart and holy aspiration.

Joyous is the memory of that moment, when a recognition of our spirit union made us *one*, for time and for eternity. But Ernest said from the highest, noblest, purest impulses of his being—

"You are so young yet, Marie, I would bind you with no *sacred vow* to him, whose life is fearfully fraught with so desolating a blight. In the years that I am gone you will learn more of your own being, and in the more perfect development of your woman's nature, you will understand better the woman's *heart*, and its mysterious requirements. And if there comes aught between us, in these years of separation, to cloud the bright star of love which has just dawned upon us; or if another and brighter should rise over your young and guileless life, thankfully receive it, and learn to forget the blind boy, who, to-day, has learned that he worships your image in his soul."

Then, not passionately, but with the tender, disinterested love which only the pure and good can feel, he who had awoken the melody of love in my heart, pressed his lips upon my cool brow, and was gone from my sight.

The months glided away; and letters often came, in which Ernest wrote calmly of all that would most interest me in his new and exciting life; but, true to his noble purpose, never alluded to our once uttered love. No words came back that should reveal to me any pure and holy memories, responsive to those which dwelt within my breast. Occasionally a new song or poem, thrown out to the eager world, seemed an earnest of golden promises to those who had known the heart from which they sprung.

And I toiled on at my once weary tasks, now grown interesting and beautiful from a new impulse given to my life. The recollection of *another's* admiration of all high mental and moral gifts, stimulated me to renewed exertion. I read more extensively—a greater variety of literature—not forgetting *his* favorite authors, that when I should again read them at Ernest's side, it might be with a more sympathetic appreciation of their character and merits. Especially did I devote myself more zealously to the acquirement of that beautiful art, in the practice of which our souls ever seemed to blend—the sweet "spirit of song."

And then there came the novelties of travel, with their strange and exciting influences upon my young imagination. In the variety of new scenes and peoples and climes, my mind and heart seemed to expand and grow strong and vigorous and healthy.

From their wild wanderings the inmates of Greenwood Parsonage returned to their woodland home to welcome back the friend of other days. Once more Ernest Haywood was by my side, telling me how deeper and stronger had grown his love for me in all those weary days of absence. Three years before it was that he had said, "*if we mistake not*, our souls are already *one*."

And now low and deep were his words, as he continued—

"Yet still, be true to yourself, Marie! Is there one misgiving thought or impulse in your heart, as you think of sharing the dark and weary life of the *blind?*"

"Not *dark!*" I exclaimed, "but rather illumined by *that* Light which scatters peace and joy wherever its rays are shed. My heart has been true, and each throb answers back to your own, my Ernest; I love you still."

Low, trembling words fell from Ernest's lips, as he drew me closer to himself, and pillowed my head upon his broad, manly breast. Then with a wild exultant thrill of gladness did I receive the seal of our trusting love, the pledge of our betrothal. Sweetly the stars smiled down a blessing, and low murmurings from the pebbly beach made melody with the music of our hearts.

Long we sat under the bending elm, in the moonlit cove, feeling how blessed and beautiful were our lives; and, as we parted from the trysting place of our newly pledged love, Ernest murmured in accents of subdued feeling—

"As rests the wing-weary dove in the loved home nest, or the storm-tossed mariner in the secure retreat of his native shore, so rests my spirit, weary of its wandering, suffering, purposeless life, in the secure haven of your love, my Marie! my Angel! my Life!"

It was at the altar of the little brown church that we knelt to solemnize our sacred marriage vows. Since that bright autumn morning, time has rolled many a ceaseless round of sunshine and shadow, but it has brought no dearth of love to our home. The tide of the busy world flows ceaselessly on, but troubles us not. Friends we have *enough*, who come and lay their rich gifts of intellect and heart upon our home altar; and our lives are made beautiful by the few social endearments which give a mellow rose-tint to all the swiftly gliding years.

But as I write a voice is calling, "Come to me, Marie! And with your pen catch the glowing beauty which inspires my thought this hour."

But one moment ere we part, kind reader! My husband stands, as in days that have passed, with his hand resting in blessing on my head; repeating in my listening ear, "Thou lamp of my feet, and light of my heart!" And the fond echoes come pealing back from my own breast as I look up at the manly brow, all radiant with the pure glow of the "bright morning land" in which we dwell. "Thou beauteous guiding star! who art leading me faithfully and gently upwards to the unseen brightness of the *Perfect Day.*"

Was it Murder, or Suicide?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

The rain was still falling and the wind blowing. Mary's feet were quite wet again by the time she reached home.

"How are you, child?" asked Mrs. Grant, in kind concern, as Mary came in.

"Not very well," was answered.

"Oh! I'm sorry! Have you taken cold?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I said it was wrong in you to go out this morning. Did you get very wet?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Grant looked down at Mary's feet. "Are they damp?"

"A little."

"Come right into the sitting-room. I've had a fire made up on purpose for you." And the considerate Mrs. Grant hurried Mary into the sitting-room, and taking off her cloak and bonnet, placed her in a chair before the fire. Then, as she drew off one of her shoes, and clasped the foot in her hand, she exclaimed—

"Soaking wet, as I live!" Then added, after removing, with kind officiousness, the other shoe—"Hold both feet to the fire, while I run up and get you a pair of dry stockings. Don't take off the wet ones until I come back."

In a few minutes Mrs. Grant returned with the dry stockings and a towel. She then bared one of the damp feet, and dried and heated it thoroughly—warmed one of the stockings and drew it on.

"It feels so good," said Mary, faintly, yet with a tone of satisfaction.

Then the other foot was dried, warmed, and covered. On completing this welcome service, Mrs. Grant looked more steadily into Mary's face, and saw that her cheeks were flushed unnaturally, and that her eyes shone with an unusual lustre. She also noticed, that in breathing there was an effort.

"You got very wet this morning," said Mrs. Grant.

"Yes. The wind blew right in my face all the way. An umbrella was hardly of any use."

"You dried yourself on getting to Mrs. Lowe's?"

Mary shook her head.

"What?"

"There was no fire in the room."

"Why, Mary!"

"I had no change of clothing, and there was no fire in the room. What could I do?"

"You could have gone down into the kitchen, if no where else, and dried your feet."

"It would have been better if I had done so; but you know how hard it is for me to intrude myself or give trouble."

"Give trouble! How strangely you do act, sometimes! Isn't life worth a little trouble to save? Mrs. Lowe should have seen to this. Didn't she notice your condition?"

"I think not."

"Well, it's hard to say who deserves most censure, you or she. Such trifling with health and life is a crime. What's the matter?" She observed Mary start as if from sudden pain.

"I have suffered all day, with an occasional sharp stitch in my side—it caught me just then."

Mrs. Grant observed her more closely; while doing so, Mary coughed two or three times. The cough was tight and with a wheezing sound.

"Have you coughed much?" she asked.

"Not a great deal. But I'm very tight here," laying her hand over her breast. "I think," she added, a few moments afterwards, "that I'll go up to my room and get to bed. I feel tired and sick."

"Wait until I can get you some tea," replied Mrs. Grant. "I'll bring down a pillow, and you can lie here on the sofa."

"Thank you, Mrs. Grant. You are so kind and thoughtful." Miss Carson's voice shook a little. The contrast between the day's selfish indifference of Mrs. Lowe, and the evening's motherly consideration of Mrs. Grant, touched her. "I will lie down here for a short time. Perhaps I shall feel better after getting some warm tea. I've been chilly all day."

The pillow and a shawl were brought, and Mrs. Grant covered Mary as she lay upon the sofa; then she went to the kitchen to hurry up tea.

"Come, dear," she said, half an hour afterwards, laying her hand upon the now sleeping girl. A drowsy feeling had come over Mary, and she had fallen into a heavy slumber soon after lying down. The easy touch of Mrs. Grant did not awaken her. So she called louder, and shook the sleeper more vigorously. At this, Mary started up, and looked around in a half conscious, bewildered manner. Her cheeks were like scarlet.

"Come, dear—tea is ready," said Mrs. Grant.

"Oh? Yes." And Mary, not yet clearly awake, started to leave the room instead of approaching the table.

"Where are you going, child?" Mrs. Grant caught her by the arm.

Mary stood still, looking at Mrs. Grant, in a confused way.

"Tea is ready." Mrs. Grant spoke slowly and with emphasis.

"Oh! Ah! Yes. I was asleep." Mary drew her hand across her eyes two or three times, and then suffered Mrs. Grant to lead her to the table, where she sat down, leaning forward heavily upon one arm.

"Take some of the toast," said Mrs. Grant, after pouring a cup of tea. Mary helped herself, in a dull way, to a slice of toast, but did not attempt to eat. Mrs. Grant looked at her narrowly from across the table, and noticed that her eyes, which had appeared large and glittering when she came home, were now lustreless, with the lids drooping heavily.

"Can't you eat anything?" said Mrs. Grant, in a voice that expressed concern.

Mary pushed her cup and plate away, and leaning back, wearily in her chair, answered—

"Not just now. I'm completely worn out, and feel hot and oppressed."

Mrs. Grant got up and came around to where Miss Carson was sitting. As she laid her hand upon her forehead, she said, a little anxiously,

"You have considerable fever, Mary."

"I shouldn't wonder." And a sudden cough seized her as she spoke. She cried out as the rapid concussions jarred her, and pressed one hand against her side.

"Oh dear! It seemed as if a knife were cutting through me," she said, as the paroxysm subsided, and she leaned her head against Mrs. Grant.

"Come, child," and the kind woman drew upon one of her arms. "In bed is the place for you now."

They went up stairs, and Mary was soon undressed and in bed. As she touched the cool sheets, she shivered for a moment, and then shrunk down under the clothes, shutting her eyes, and lying very still.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mrs. Grant, who stood bending over her.

Mary did not reply.

"Does the pain in your side continue?"

"Yes, ma'am." Her voice was dull.

"And the tightness over your breast?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. I want rest and sleep."

Mrs. Grant stood for some time looking

down upon her red cheeks; red in clearly defined spots, that made the pale forehead whiter by the contrast.

"Something more than sleep is wanted, I fear," she said to herself, as she passed from the chamber and went down stairs. In less than half an hour she returned. A moan reached her ears as she approached the room where the sick girl lay. On entering, she found her sitting high up in bed; or, rather, reclining against the pillows, which she had adjusted against the head-board. Her face had lost much of its redness, was pinched and had a distressed look. Her eyes turned anxiously to the face of Mrs. Grant.

"How are you now, Mary?"

"Oh, I'm sick! Very sick, Mrs. Grant."

"Where? How, Mary?"

"O dear! I'm so distressed here!" laying her hand on her breast. "And every time I draw a breath, such a sharp pain runs through my side into my shoulder. O dear! I feel very sick, Mrs. Grant."

"Shall I send for a doctor?"

"I don't know, ma'am." And Miss Carson threw her head from side to side, uneasily—almost impatiently; then cried out with pain, as she took a deeper inspiration than usual.

Mrs. Grant left the room, and going down stairs, despatched her single domestic for a physician, who lived not far distant.

"It is pleurisy," said the doctor, on examining the case.—"And a very severe attack," he added, aside, to Mrs. Grant.

Of the particulars of his treatment, we will not speak. He was of the exhaustive school, and took blood freely; striking at the inflammation through a reduction of the vital system. When he left his patient that night, she was free from pain, breathing feebly, and without constriction of the chest. In the morning, he found her with considerable fever, and suffering from a return of the pleuritic pain. Her pulse was low, quick, and with a wiry thrill under the fingers. The doctor had taken blood very freely on the night before, and hesitated a little on the question of opening another vein, or having recourse to cups. As the lancet was at hand, and most easy of use, the vein was opened, and permitted to flow until there was a marked reduction of pain. After this, an anodyne diaphoretic was prescribed, and the doctor retired from the chamber with Mrs. Grant. He was much more particular, now, in his inquiries about his patient and the immediate cause of her illness. On learning that she had been permitted to remain all day in a cold room, with wet feet and damp clothing, he shook his head soberly, and remarked, partly speaking to himself, that doctors were not of much use in suicide or murder cases. Then he asked, abruptly, and with considerable excitement of manner—

"In heaven's name, who permitted this thing to be done? In what family did it occur?"

"The lady for whom she worked yesterday is named Mrs. Lowe."

"Mrs. Lowe!"

"Yes, sir."

"And she permitted that delicate girl to sit in wet clothing, in a room without fire, on a day like yesterday?"

"It is so, Doctor."

"Then I call Mrs. Lowe a murderer!" The doctor spoke with excess of feeling.

"Do you think Mary so very ill doctor?" asked Mrs. Grant.

"I do, ma'am."

"She is free from pain now."

"So she was when I left her last night; and I expected to find her showing marked improvement this morning. But, to my concern, I found her really worse instead of better."

"Worse, doctor? Not worse!"

"I say worse to you, Mrs. Grant, in order that you may know how much depends on your careful attendance. Send for the medicine I have prescribed at once, and give it immediately. It will quiet her system and produce sleep. If perspiration follows, we shall be on the right side. I will call in again through the day. If the pain in her side returns, send for me."

The pain did return, and the doctor was summoned. He feared to strike his lancet again; but cupped freely over the right side, thus gaining for the suffering girl a measure of relief. She lay, after this, in a kind of stupor for some hours. On coming out of this, she no longer had the lancinating pain in her side with every expansion of the lungs; but, instead, a dull pain, attended by a cough and tightness of the chest. The cough was, at first, dry, unsatisfactory, and attended with anxiety. Then came a tough mucus, a little streaked with blood. The expectoration soon became freer, and assumed a brownish hue. A low fever accompanied these bad symptoms.

The case had become complicated with pneumonia, and assumed a most dangerous type. On the third day a consulting physician was called in. He noted all the symptoms carefully, and with a seriousness of manner

that did not escape the watchful eyes of Mrs. Grant. He passed but few words with the attendant physician, and their exact meaning was veiled by medical terms; but Mrs. Grant understood enough to satisfy her that little hope of a favorable issue was entertained.

About the time this consultation over the case of Mary Carson was in progress, it happened that Mrs. Wykoff received another visit from Mrs. Lowe.

"I've called," said the latter, speaking in the tone of one who felt annoyed, "to ask where that sewing girl you recommended to me lives?"

"Miss Carson."

"Yes, I believe that is her name."

"Didn't she come on Monday, according to appointment?"

"O yes, she came. But I've seen nothing of her since."

"Ah! Is that so? She may be sick." The voice of Mrs. Wykoff dropped to a shade of seriousness. "Let me see—Monday—didn't it rain?—Yes, now I remember; it was a dreadful day. Perhaps she took cold. She's very delicate. Did she get wet in coming to your house?"

"I'm sure I don't know." There was a slight indication of annoyance on the part of Mrs. Lowe.

"It was impossible, raining and blowing as it did, to escape wet feet, if not drenched clothing. Was there fire in the room where she worked?"

"Fire! No. We don't have grates or stoves in any of our rooms."

"Oh; then there was a fire in the heater?"

"We never make fire in the heater before November," answered Mrs. Lowe, with the manner of one who felt annoyed.

Mrs. Wykoff mused for some moments.

"Excuse me," she said, "for asking such minute questions; but I know Miss Carson's extreme delicacy, and I am fearful that she is sick, as the result of a cold. Did you notice her when she came in on Monday morning?"

"Yes. I was standing in the hall when the servant admitted her. She came rather late."

"Did she go immediately to the room where she was to work?"

"Yes."

"You are sure she didn't go into the kitchen to dry her feet?"

"She went up stairs as soon as she came in."

"Did you go up with her?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Lowe," said Mrs. Wykoff, who saw that these questions were chafing her visitor, "for pressing my inquiries so closely. I am much concerned at the fact of her absence from your house since Monday. Did she change any of her clothing? Take off her stockings, for instance, and put on dry ones?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"But sat in her wet shoes and stockings all day!"

"I don't know that they were wet, Mrs. Wykoff," said the lady, with contracting brows.

"Could you have walked six or seven squares in the face of Monday's driving storm, Mrs. Lowe, and escaped wet feet? Of course not. Your stockings would have been wet half way to the knees, and your skirts as well."

There was a growing excitement about Mrs. Wykoff, united with an air of so much seriousness that Mrs. Lowe began to feel a pressure of alarm. Selfish, cold-hearted and indifferent to all in a social grade beneath her, this lady was not quite ready to stand up in the world's face as one without common humanity. The way in which Mrs. Wykoff was presenting the case of Miss Carson on that stormy morning, did not reflect very creditably upon her; and the thought—"How would this sound, if told of me?" did not leave her in the most comfortable frame of mind.

"I hope she's not sick. I'm sure the thought of her being wet never crossed my mind. Why didn't she speak of it herself? She knew her own condition, and that there was fire in the kitchen. I declare! some people act in a manner perfectly incomprehensible." Mrs. Lowe spoke now in a disturbed manner.

"Miss Carson should have looked to this herself, and she was wrong in not doing so—very wrong," said Mrs. Wykoff. "But she is shrinking and sensitive to a fault—afraid of giving trouble or intruding herself. It is our place, I think, when strangers come into our houses, no matter what circumstances, to assume that they have a natural delicacy about asking for needed consideration, and to see that all things due to them are tendered. I cannot see that any exceptions to this rule are admissible. To my thinking, it applies to a servant, a seamstress, or a guest, each in a just degree, with equal force. Not that I am blameless in this thing. Far from it. But I acknowledge my fault whenever it is seen, and repenting, resolve to act more humanely in the future."

"Where does Miss Carson live?" asked Mrs. Lowe. "I came to make the inquiry."

"As I feel rather troubled about her," answered Mrs. Wykoff, "I will go to see her this afternoon."

"I wish you would. What you have said makes me feel a little uncomfortable. I hope there is nothing wrong; or, at least, that she is only slightly indisposed. It was thoughtless in me. But I was so much interested in the work she was doing that I never once thought of her personally.

"Did she come before breakfast?"

"Oh, yes."

"Excuse me; but what time did she get her breakfast?"

There was just a little shrinking in the manner of Mrs. Wykoff, as she answered—

"Towards nine o'clock."

"Did she eat anything?"

"Well, no, not much in particular. I thought her a little dainty. She took coffee; but it didn't just appear to suit her appetite. Then I offered her tea, and she drank a cup."

"But didn't take any solid food?"

"Very little. She struck me as a dainty Miss."

"She's weak and delicate, Mrs. Lowe, as any one who looks into her face may see. Did you give her a lunch towards noon?"

"A lunch! Why no!" Mrs. Lowe elevated her brows.

"How late was it when she took dinner?"

"Three o'clock."

"Did she eat heartily then?"

"I didn't notice her particularly. She was at the table for only a few minutes."

"I fear for the worst," said Mrs. Wykoff. "If Mary Carson sat all day on Monday, in damp clothes, wet feet, and without taking a sufficient quantity of nourishing food, I wouldn't give much for her life."

Mrs. Lowe gathered her shawl around her, and arose to depart. There was a cloud on her face.

"You will see Miss Carson to-day?" she said.

"Oh, yes."

"At what time do you think of going?"

"I shall not be able to leave home before late in the afternoon."

"Say four o'clock"

"Not earlier than half past four."

Mrs. Lowe stood for some moments with the air of one who hesitated about doing something.

"Will you call for me?" Her voice was slightly depressed.

"Certainly."

"What you have said troubles me. I'm sure I didn't mean to be unkind. It was thoughtlessness altogether. I hope she's not ill."

"I'll leave home at half past four," said Mrs. Wykoff. "It isn't over ten minutes walk to your house."

"You'll find me all ready. Oh, dear!" and Mrs. Lowe drew a long, sighing breath. "I hope she didn't take cold at my house I hope nothing serious will grow out of it. I wouldn't have anything of this kind happen for the world. People are so uncharitable. If it should get out, I would be talked about dreadfully; and I'm sure the girl is a great deal more to blame than I am. Why didn't she see to it that her feet and clothes were dried before she sat down to her work?"

Mrs. Wykoff did not reply. Mrs. Lowe stood for a few moments, waiting for some exculpatory suggestion; but Mrs. Wykoff had none to offer.

"Good morning. You'll find me all ready when you call."

"Good morning."

And the ladies parted.

"Ah, Mrs. Lowe! How are you this morning?"

A street meeting, ten minutes later.

"Right well. How are you?"

"Well as usual. I just called at your house."

"Ah, indeed! Come, go back again."

"No, thank you; I've several calls to make this morning. But, d' you know there's a strange story afloat about a certain lady of your acquaintance?"

"Of my acquaintance?"

"Yes; a lady with whom you are very, very intimate."

"What is it?" There was a little anxiety mixed with the curious air of Mrs. Lowe.

"Something about murdering a sewing-girl."

"What?" Mrs. Lowe started as if she had received a blow; a frightened look came into her face.

"But there isn't anything in it, of course," said the friend, in considerable astonishment at the effect produced on Mrs. Lowe.

"Tell me just what you have heard," said the latter. "You mean me by the lady of your intimate acquaintance."

"Yes; the talk is about you. It came from Doctor somebody; I don't know whom. He's attending the girl."

"What is said? I wish to know. Don't

keep back anything on account of my feelings. I shall know as to its truth or falsehood; and, true or false, it is better that I should stand fully advised. A seamstress came to work for me on Monday—it was a stormy day, you know—took cold from wet feet, and is now very ill. That much I know. It might have happened at your house, or your neighbor's, without legitimate blame lying against either of you. Now, out of this simple fact, what dreadful report is circulated to my injury? As I have just said, don't keep anything back."

"The story is," replied the friend, "that she walked for half a mile before breakfast, in the face of that terrible north-east storm, and came to you with feet soaking and skirts wet to the knees, and that you put her to work, in this condition, in a cold room, and suffered her to sit in her wet garments all day. That, in consequence, she went home sick, was attacked with pleurisy in the evening, which soon ran into acute pneumonia, and that she is now dying. The doctor, who told my friend, called it murder, and said, without hesitation, that you were a murderer."

"Dying! Did he say that she was dying?"

"Yes, ma'am. The doctor said that you might as well have put a pistol ball through her head."

"Me!"

"Yes, you. Those were his words, as repeated by my friend."

"Who is the friend to whom you refer?"

"Mrs. T———."

"And, without a word of inquiry as to the degree of blame referable to me, she repeats this wholesale charge, to my injury. Verily! that is Christian charity!"

"I suggested caution on her part, and started to see you at once. Then she did sit in her wet clothing all day at your house?"

"I don't know whether she did or not," replied Mrs. Lowe, fretfully. "She was of woman's age, and competent to take care of herself. If she came in wet, she knew it; and there was fire in the house, at which she could have dried herself. Even a half-witted person, starting from home on a morning like that, and expecting to be absent all day, would have provided herself with dry stockings and slippers for a change. If the girl dies from cold taken on that occasion, it must be set down to suicide, not murder. I may have been thoughtless, but I am not responsible. I'm sorry for her; but I cannot take blame to myself. The same thing might have happened in your house."

"It might have happened in other houses than yours, Mrs. Lowe, I will admit," was replied. "But I do not think it would have happened in mine. I was once a seamstress myself, and for nearly two years, went out to work in families. What I experienced during those two years, has made me considerate towards all who come into my house in that capacity. Many who are compelled to earn a living with the needle, were once in better condition, and the change touches some of them rather sharply. In some families they are treated with a thoughtful kindness, in strong contrast with what they receive in other families. If sensitive and retiring, they learn to be very chary about asking for anything beyond what is conceded, and bear rather than suggest or complain."

"I've no patience with that kind of sensitiveness," replied Mrs. Lowe—"It's simply ridiculous; and not only ridiculous, but wrong. Is every sewing girl who comes into your house to be treated like an honored guest?"

"We are in no danger of erring, Mrs. Lowe," was answered, "on the side of considerate kindness, even to sewing women. They are human, and have wants, weaknesses, and bodily conditions, that as imperatively demand a timely and just regard, as those of the most honored guest who may sojourn with us. And what is more, as I hold, we cannot omit our duty either to the one or to the other, and be blameless. But I must hurry on. Good morning, Mrs. Lowe."

"Good morning," was coldly responded. And the two ladies parted.

We advance the time a few hours. It is nearly sundown, and the slant beams are coming in through the partly raised blinds, and falling on the bed, where white and panting for the short-coming breath, lies Mary Carson, a little raised by pillows, against which her head rests motionless. Her eyes are shut, the brown lashes lying in two deep fringes on her cheeks. Away from her temples and forehead the hair has been smoothly brushed by loving hands, and there is a spiritual beauty in her face that is suggestive of Heaven. Mrs. Grant is on one side of the bed, and the physician on the other. Both are gazing intently on the sick girl's face. The door opens, and two ladies come in, noiselessly—Mrs. Lowe and Mrs. Wykoff. They are strangers there to all but Mary Carson, and she has passed too far on the journey homeward for mortal recognitions. Mrs. Grant moves a little back from the bed, and the two

ladies stand in her place, leaning forwards, with half-suspended breathing. The almost artistic beauty of Miss Carson's face, the exquisite cutting of every feature, the purity of its tone, are all at once so apparent to Mrs. Lowe that she gazes down, wonder and admiration mingling with awe and self-accusations.

There is a slight convulsive cough, with a fleeting spasm. The white lips are stained. Mrs. Lowe shudders. The stain is wiped off, and all is still as before. Now the slanting sunrays touch the pillows, close beside the white face, lighting it with a glory that seems not of earth. They fade, and life fades with them, going out as they recede. With the last pencil of sunbeams passes the soul of Mary Carson.

"It is over!" The physician breathes deeply, and moves backwards from the bed.

"Over with her," he adds, like one impelled by crowding thoughts to untimely utterance. "The bills of mortality will say pneumonia—it were better written murder."

—

Call it murder, or suicide, as you will; only, fair reader, see to it that responsibility in such a case lies never at your door.

Duty.

BY MRS. A. C. S. ALLARD.

He came to me one morn in May,
And took my passive hand, to say—
"To-morrow, Kate, we go away."

I did not look into his eyes;
For if I should, the tears would rise;
I smothered down the starting sighs.

"To-morrow, Henry?"—this was all
That from my rigid lips did fall;
Of the *heart-struggle*, he knew all.

Two dozen months since we were wed—
Months that had passed with fairy tread,
Each wreathing blessings round my head.

And linking closer to my heart
The life now of my own a part,
By all of Love's mysterious art.

I was so happy; life to me
Was like a deep, calm, waveless sea;
Existence was a luxury.

Perhaps "Our Father" saw it best
To give the dove on earth no nest—
No worldly prop on which to rest.

That to the Ark it might return,
And from its very weakness, learn
A solitary truth, though stern.

It was a struggle, felt alone
By those who take down from its throne
Their idol, with a bitter groan.

When, in a tone husky and low,
Made hollow by the flames of woe,
I bade my worshipped husband—"Go!"

And help defend the cause of right
With freedom's hosts, who in their might
Were bravely going forth to fight.

The only words my lips could form
From out emotion's raging storm,
While waiting for the cars that morn—

"God help us both!" and turned away,
And sought my home; I could not stay,
And see my idol borne away.

God gave me strength to give him up;
My lips could not have pressed the cup
Had He not held my weak hands up.

* * * * * *

The earth is but a grave to me;
Beneath the soil of Tennessee,
One of the price of victory,

He sleeps; and to my God alone,
The anguish of my soul is known;
Love, hope, the last of earth is gone.

Yet, looking upward, through my tears,
Duty's approving form appears;
She whispers, in a few more years,

Thy God will give thee back thy loan,
In that bright land where ne'er is known
The clash of arms, the trumpet's tone.

For he whom Duty writes "well done"
On life's stern battle-field, hath won
A joy more lasting than the sun.

McConnelsville, O.

What is a Darling?—It is the dear little beaming girl, who meets one on the doorstep; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat; who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth unsolicited such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard-of questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face; and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her," as the fairy form departs.

The Trial of Faith.

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

"Oh! Aunt Sarah, I cannot bear it now! I am so wretched!"

Annie Parker turned away from the mild voice of Aunt Sarah and buried her white face in the sofa cushions. Her slender figure unconsciously relapsed into an attitude of utter despair, and she lay there in all the agony of a first grief.

She had been tenderly nurtured, and this was the first time she had felt the cold surges of life's ocean beating pitilessly about her fragile form. She had never before known a sorrow that parental love could not soothe or avert. The time had now come when she must go out in her own little boat upon the boundless sea, and wrestle with the waves and the tempest—alone. No human power can aid her, no human arm can shelter her now.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever," said the serene voice of Aunt Sarah.

"Bye and bye," she replied, in a hollow voice, "perhaps I can be submissive, but this is dreadful!"

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Aunt Sarah Lester was one of those precious souls that have been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction, and come forth purified from all the dross of selfishness and earthly vanity.

In early life she had married a handsome, brilliant young man, who had been won by her stately beauty. It proved but the old story of "marry in haste and repent at leisure." He was gay and reckless, and only admired her beauty, while he scoffed at her religion. All her faithful efforts to lead him into the way of truth were utterly futile, and he quickly sank from dissipation into debauchery and crime, and died a victim to the intoxicating cup. Two feeble children were the fruit of this sad union, and the Christian mother bravely struggled on in those rugged up-hill paths, that society has opened for toiling woman, into which every one throws a rock, or plants a thorn, to make her cross heavier and her crown brighter. But death, stern and inexorable, took the mother's solace and care, and two little graves held her earthly treasure; yet she had priceless wealth laid up in heaven. Mrs. Parker was her younger sister, and had at last persuaded her to spend her days with them, where her life was still a "shining light" in her kind ministrations to the poor and distressed.

But now, even her firm heart bled at the sight of this fragile young pilgrim, beaten down by the merciless blast. Words seemed a bitter mockery to her utter desolation.

From her early childhood Annie Parker had known and loved Norman Fisher. He had been her playmate and classmate at school, and was beloved and admired by all who knew him; and now, when he was studying law at Cambridge, and she was shyly looking into life with the new, thrilling sentiments of early womanhood, is it strange that her heart beat with tumultuous gladness, when he earnestly entreated her to walk the path of life with him? Is it strange, at the age of eighteen, that she thought nothing this side of heaven could be half so sweet as to lean on his strong arm and trust to his guidance even down into the vale of shadows?

So they were betrothed, in all the innocence and bliss of early love, and he made frequent flying visits, and wrote long, sweet letters, while she went about the house with a song in her heart and a beautiful womanly smile upon her lips. All the day she thought only of him, and in all her little domestic duties the thought that she was learning housewifery for his sake gave a zest to the meanest toil.

She was constantly striving to become what a true wife should be. Nothing had ever occurred to obscure the clear sunshine of their way, until now, Norman Fisher had come up from Cambridge to make a hasty call before commencement. He had come in to see his betrothed early upon Sunday morning, and after the first sweet greetings, she left him to prepare for church. The hour bells were ringing as she glided in, dressed in a soft blue barage, with the daintiest bit of an embroidered collar about her fair neck, and her heavy, wavy hair brushed into a plain knot and fastened with a silver comb.

"I am so glad you are here to go to church with me to-day, Norman," she murmured, yielding him the little hand he mutely asked for.

"How long it seems since we went to the old church together?"

"O, Annie, you can't be so cruel as to insist upon my going to church, when I have come all this long way to see you!" he lightly responded. "Stay at home with me to-day, I want to have a good long chat with you."

She smiled, but shook her head.

"There will be plenty of time after meeting for all that, Norman. Don't be so wicked and indolent."

"But, Annie, what real good shall we derive from hearing one of Doctor Carleton's sermons? I know it will do me more good to sit here and talk with you. I think you are worth a thousand dry, musty sermons."

A pang went through the loving heart of Annie Parker, and her tender eyes grew sad as she responded—

"Don't you believe in keeping the Sabbath holy, and going to the House of God to worship Him?"

"There! there! Annie, don't look so dismal, and I will do anything. Of course such things are right for those who think so. None can think alike—and aren't you the dearest sermon in the world yourself, and the sweetest little preacher? If I should go to church it would only be to worship you. I cannot help that, Annie."

This was said in that low, caressing tone, so sweet to all women; but Annie's eyes filled with tears as she replied, sadly—

"I never heard you talk so before. I thought you loved and respected the church, Norman."

"The bells are ringing: are you ready, children?" said the cheery voice of Mrs. Parker, her silken robes rustling in the hall.

"We are not going this morning, mamma, if you please," said Annie.

"You are very kind to gratify me in this, Annie; I know how to appreciate your little sacrifices," said her lover, drawing her fondly towards him. Her head drooped very wearily on his shoulder. There was a little cloud in the horizon, scarcely as large as a man's hand, yet fraught with tempest.

"I want you to tell me all about your religious views, dear Norman. Don't you believe in religion and church organizations? Don't you believe in a change of heart?"

"Annie, my love," he responded, very tenderly, "you are a sweet little Christian, and I love you all the better for it. You believe what your parents have taught you—women always do—and if I should tell you my views, they are so different from yours, that you would only be grieved without comprehending them; so let us understand each other and agree to disagree, on the ground that no two persons can by any possibility think alike, any more than they can look alike. Variety is the great first rule of the Omnipotent Artist."

"But you do not mean, Norman—you cannot mean that there is never to be any confidence between us on this subject? It has been so sweet for me to think that there is a time coming when I shall know all the secret thoughts of your soul. O, Norman, if I am wrong and ignorant, teach me; but do not kill me by witholding your confidence from me."

"Why, Annie! don't let this little affair grieve you. I would not have you think as I do. I want my wife to be a faithful, praying Christian. It is natural for women to have an unquestioning faith; but men are naturally logical. They require a reason for their belief. There is no need of your being vexed with knotty questions, because I am. Masculine minds were made to wrestle with complexities, and you must not feel bad because I cannot share your childlike faith; I would not, for the world, say anything to shake that faith."

"You cannot, Norman. But tell me all. Don't you believe in God and the Bible?"

"I believe in God, the Creator, the great cause of all things; but the Bible was written by men."

"The New Testament—our Saviour—the precious Gospel, Norman?"

"Believe in it, dearest; there is much that is beyond my comprehension—much that seems absurd. The star in the east; the miracle at Cana; the transfiguration and the resurrection."

"Perhaps you would feel differently if you prayed daily to God to instruct you aright."

"But I cannot feel that the great Creator of the universe stoops to listen to the idle importunities of such insignificant creatures as we are. He has made us just what we are, and we cannot change our natures. If you think one thing and I another, it is because He has made us differ. Men think and reason, women trust and believe. For instance, I have a logical reason for loving you. I love you because you are pretty, and truthful, and tidy, and innocent, and because you are a Christian; but you love me without a reason, because I love you, perhaps. Men require a good reason for all their actions, women are credulous and confiding, but never logical."

"But yet, Norman, with all your great intellect and profound wisdom, *you can never comprehend the infinite understanding of God!*"

Sweet Annie Parker. Little did she think that her astute lover, with all his vast research and complex philosophy, could not find an argument more purely logical than this.

"You have a great mind, Norman," she

continued, her eyes fixed on his, "I always knew that; yet the mightiest intellect that He ever made, can never understand His motives and His thoughts. God knows all things, and if you think His ways unreasonable, it is because you cannot comprehend the Infinite. You may think He will not hear my prayers, because He is so great; yet He cares for the little birds and the flowers of the field, and I know He cares for me. O Norman! Norman! I can bear anything but this!"

The tempest had burst upon her fair young head, and no earthly arm could shelter her. Norman, shocked at this sudden grief and passion, strove in vain to soothe her. She was learning the bitter lesson of discipleship, that all his children must bear the cross and wear the crown of thorns. She was learning that inspired precept, "put not your trust in princes."

It has always been thus. Woman, with her vine-like nature, puts all her trust in some human arm, twining closer and closer when it falters, and when the earthly prop fails, her day is forever darkened, except the Sun of Righteousness arise. Yet it is ever a better waking from that early dream of perfect love and confidence,

> "To make idols and to find them clay,
> And to bewail that worship—"

No wonder that our little sensitive plant felt that this was more than she could bear.

"Come, Annie," said Norman, soothingly, "let us walk down the garden, you are ill and nervous to-day. It was wrong for you to urge me to talk about such things. Cheer up, and I will go to meeting with you this afternoon and to prayer meeting this evening, if you will only smile again. I really wish I could think as you do, but we cannot help our thoughts. I suppose we are just as God made us, and if He gave me a mind that thinks very strangely, I am not responsible for my thoughts. I can only make the best of it."

"Christ says, 'believe on me, and he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not—' O Norman! Norman! you must believe whether you will or not! There is no alternative."

Norman Fisher respected the "blind credulity" of pious women, and thought they found a great deal of comfort in believing; but men were far too wise to be satisfied with such childish things.

In the pride and consciousness of a glorious intellect men sometimes forget another greater gift of the beneficent Father, capable of higher attainments and greater bliss. Norman Fisher had neglected his *soul*. He had forgotten that only faith invigorates the soul. He had forgotten that faith does not come of philosophy. He was unwilling to admit that God's ways are inscrutable. He had forgotten that there is one tree whose fruit is denied us—that God has placed a bound to man's knowledge, and though He has given him an insatiable thirst for searching out mysteries and diving into the profound, still He has "secret places" which human research is forbidden to penetrate—He has volumes of philosophy which human eyes can never scan. He shows man the wonderful works of His hands, He unfolds to his gaze the volume of Nature, far too profound for the mightiest mind to comprehend, and then He opens that other Book, more intricate and wonderful still, full of subtle mysteries, and simply says, "have faith in God." He never appeals to the feeble understanding. Christ never recognized the power of human intellect, but only said, "Believe on me." God has made faith and not reason the provision of salvation; yet man in all the pomp and pride of his littleness stands up before Him and says, "I do not perceive the reason of all this, therefore I will not believe." So he builds up a fabric to suit himself, some airy chimera which half deludes him till death comes and tears the veil away. Thus it has ever been, from the earliest ages. Man disdains the hand of God because it is unseen. Hence the Tower of Babel, and the Golden Calf, down to that transcendental, intellectual calf, Philosophy, with its attendant devotees of deists, materialists, fatalists and the like, down to that splendid modern Tower of Babel, yclept Spiritualism. Man has ever sought to climb into heaven by some other way than the ladder of faith, while God continually says there is no other way; and we have yet to learn of the first man who has hewn out a new road to the Celestial City, or flown thither on wings of his own construction.

Woman, with her pure instincts, often through prayer, perceives and embraces the truth, while man strives in vain to work it out in the laboratory of human reason. Thus sweet Annie Parker clung fondly to the truth of the Gospel, which shed such warm light over her soul, while Norman Fisher steadfastly refused the light and warmth, because he could not fully comprehend the philosophy of that radiance; forgetful that he could no more understand the philosophy of the light and heat that emanate from the great physical sun.

He accompanied her to church in the afternoon, but a new, strange shadow of suffering lay on her brow, which went sadly to his heart, for he saw how powerless he was to heal the grief that he had made. So they parted in tender sorrow, each mutely conscious of the gathering storm, and wondering how it would end.

Then Annie poured this tale of anguish into Aunt Sarah's ear, who, with all the wisdom of a dear-bought experience, had gently warned her, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." She shuddered and shrunk from this chalice of woe, yet how could she trust her life's happiness in the hands of an infidel. It was this dreadful thought that had wrung from her broken heart the cry, "I cannot bear it now! I am so wretched!"

It was then that Aunt Sarah came like a ministering angel to breathe words of comfort, and to lead the stricken lamb to her Saviour's bosom. She taught her how all earthly hopes are mist. She told her that sad lesson which falls so heavily down on warm young hearts, chilling all the throbbing veins of hope and happiness; how God sends us sorrows and trials to turn our hearts to Him,—to make earth seem so bleak and dreary that we shall long for Heaven,—to make earthly love so frail and bitter that we will gladly rest upon the divine.

The sweet girl meekly treasured up these lessons, but O, how cold they seemed beside that human trust and joy that had gone out of her heart forever. Oh! the icy desolation! Oh! the fainting loneliness! Yet she prayed for submission to his will, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and a gentle peace came over her soul, like the breath of springs to the desert pilgrim. Yet how much more she prayed for the dear erring one, that he might be saved from the fearful gulf on whose crumbling brink he so fearlessly trod. Like "Agnes of Sorrento," like all true, loving women in all ages, she would gladly die to save him; still that stern injunction rang in her ears and knocked at the door of her conscience, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

Many days she prayed and many nights she wept, then bowed meekly to the chastening rod, and wrote to Norman Fisher tenderly but firmly—

"None but He who searcheth all hearts can ever know the anguish of this hour, dear Norman; but I cannot wed an unbeliever. I know now that my affection for you has been a sinful idolatry, and I see the hand of God in this to draw me from my sins and lead me nearer to Him. I shall never cease to pray for you, and if there is efficacy in prayer, which I have never doubted, you will yet believe in Him. Through all my grief at this separation, I know He will sustain me. My soul is at peace, for I feel that I have done His will."

The reply was characteristic.

"Annie, you have made my life a chaos of fearful anticipations and agonies. While I see in your strange ideas of Christian duty only a wild fanaticism, I respect your firm, pious principles. I see that you are sustained—you cannot suffer as I do. You have driven me to despair. Your love was my anchor, and solace, and hope—now my life is a hopeless wreck. Annie, it cannot be right. A good God would not send this unhappiness upon us for a slight difference of religious opinion.

"I need your gentle, patient care to keep me from going astray, and I shudder to think what I shall become without your love. I should never oppose your sweet faith, darling; you need not be less a Christian with me; but what shall I be without you.

"I cannot realize that it is all over, my beloved—all our happy days and hopes of happiness. I will not believe it! I must hope on, and pray, if I can, that you may be led out of this blind infatuation into my cherishing love again. Whenever you think of me, think that I am loving you ever the same, and waiting for you to come back to me. Till then, if it must be, adieu."

God's grace is strong, but the gentle heart that has known the sweetness of a sheltering human love, shrinks back from the desolation of a life without it.

The roses faded from the cheeks of Annie Parker; but the saintly light of Christian faith grew brighter in her eyes. Her step was slow and feeble, but her trust in God was strong. Her parents were alarmed; but they had always taught her to look within for the promptings of duty, and they felt that she would do right; while Aunt Sarah, judging from her own vigor and endurance through her early days of trial, thought that Annie, with God's grace, could well bear this lesser affliction. But when a year had passed, the smile never came back to her lips, nor the faint bloom to her spiritual countenance. During this time she had seen Norman but twice, and they met as passing acquaintances might do. He had grown older, and wore a stern and careworn look; but then he had gone into business. The world said he was scarcely industrious

and ambitious enough for a talented young lawyer. At last Annie received a little note from him—a faint scrawl, that said—

"Annie, I am sick—dying. Will you not come to me now? NORMAN."

The cars quickly bore her to the city, and the physician met her at the depot, but there was no hope in his countenance.

"Be calm, Miss Parker," he said, "our patient is much reduced by some severe mental conflict, and excitement might prove fatal. Be calm."

The injunction was not needed, for the marble statute of Patience could not be calmer. She was brave, but O, how despairing! Her prayer of anguish was, "Let me die for him, my Father!" When she entered his room with her noiseless step, the fever was raging and he was delirious. She could only bathe his burning brow and pray. All night he was continually calling for her.

"Annie, do not be so cruel! Come to me now, Annie. It has been so long and dreary! I told you I could not live without you."

Then he would start up and ask her to bring him pen and paper, that he might write to her instantly, for she would feel very badly if he should not live to see her again. In vain she told him that she was his own Annie, and would not leave him. At last he slept, a troubled, dreamy sleep—but he slept; and when he woke again, he looked up and feebly murmured—

"This is very kind, Annie."

"I am very glad you sent for me, Norman. Keep very quiet—don't try to talk."

She glided about the room, shutting out the morning sunlight, smoothing the drapery of the bed, and making the room cheerful; then she sat down by his side and fanned him to sleep again. This time he slept calmly as an infant on its mother's breast. The physician came in and felt his pulse and nodded approvingly to Annie, and hope sprung up in her heart. When he woke he was very feeble and pale, and called Annie to his side.

"Annie, I must leave you, but it is very sweet to have you with me in such an hour. You are not afraid?"

"No; no, Norman! You are better, only look to Jesus, dear Norman. I cannot let you go until you believe in Him. God will answer my prayers, I feel that he will."

"He has answered them, Annie. I have no hope save in Christ and Him crucified. At last I can see the majesty of Faith and feel the peace of believing. I would like to stay with you, dearest; but God's will be done."

He sunk back on the pillow, and Annie buried her face in her hands, till a gentle touch roused her,

"Come away, my dear girl," said the old doctor, "you must get some sleep. We shall need you, I see."

She raised her white face and eagerly whispered,

"Does he live?"

"Sleeping sweetly. This is the first favorable symptom. Come and get some rest,—you will find him better when you return, and peevish enough I'll warrant; but you will be patient with him."

Annie wept herself to sleep in thankful prayer. During the long days of convalescence, she read to Norman many sweet and comforting chapters from the Gospels, and the words of the Psalmist made music in his soul. He felt that the consolations of Gospel faith were rich and majestic enough even for masculine souls. One day, after he had listened to her low voice through the fourteenth chapter of John, that rich mine of Gospel wealth to all believers, he told her all his long struggle against the breathings of the Holy Spirit.

"Long ago, Annie, when I was in college, I felt the still small voice calling me to go forth and preach the Gospel."

Annie looked up, wonderingly, into his eyes, and laid her hand sympathizingly in his.

"I turned resolutely away and listened to that subtle philosophy so prevalent among law students, the creed of Voltaire. I thought that human reason was infinite, and Faith but a name for credulity. But like Saul, I found it hard to kick against the pricks. Your bright, unwavering fidelity—my own unmanly fears of death, shook my profound philosophy, and at last I yielded, and this illness was the result. Now Annie, I go forth from this bed of sickness to work in His vineyard."

"O Norman! It seems so like a dream. To think that all my prayers are answered so sweetly. I can hardly realize it!"

There was a long silence, and the setting sun threw a flood of golden radiance over them, shining warmly in the flowing locks of the maiden, lying glorious on the marble brow of the invalid. Perhaps the same delicious thoughts were stirring the depths of both hearts, for when he turned towards the fair girl by his side with a look of unutterable tenderness and love, there was a glimmering smile of holy contentment on her lips, and as her eyes met

his, a faint flush of maidenly modesty came up to her pale cheeks and she looked down, but he took her small hand and said quite solemnly,

"Annie, there is one very sweet command that I wish to impress very forcibly upon you, as a portion of your Christian duty. Perhaps you have forgotten it. Once you asked me to teach you, Annie."

"O do, Norman. I need so much instruction, and I know that I can trust you now. What is it that I have forgotten that I ought to remember."

"Paul's injunction, dearest. 'Beloved, let us love one another.'"

Her eyes drooped again, and tears were on the long lashes; but the warm smile on her lips told of peace and rest and unfathomable bliss. And when Norman Fisher folded his arms around her and besought her to answer him, her words though faintly whispered threw a halo of bliss over his heart, for they were such words as only woman's dear, self-sacrificing love could ever prompt:

"Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

PORTLAND, ME., August, 1862.

Champagne and Real Pain.

BY O. P. Q.

This half-punning collocation of words is very significative and very suggestive. I remember one champagne party, and expect to remember it as long as I live. There came more *real* pain as a consequence than was bargained for. It was just before I left college. There were three dashing young girls in the house where some of the students boarded, each of whom had been made love to at least half a dozen times by over-susceptible young men; but they still remained heart-free. And at the time of which I write, one of them was a special favorite in the eyes of two of the students, who hailed from the states of Mississippi and Tennessee. The young lady was coquettish, but really indifferent. Vanity made her enjoy her conquest, and trifle a little with her brace of lovers.

One splendid October day, we made up a riding-party. Stopping at a tavern some ten miles from town, we ordered wine and refreshments. I would have demurred, could I have done so and not been misunderstood. As this was out of the question, I joined with apparent hearty good-will in the gay scene of festivity that followed. Toasts were drank, songs sung, and stories told, the young girls taking their part with a gay abandon that removed instead of imposing restraint.

All at once there occurred a boding stillness. We were yet at the table. I did not observe the cause, for my attention had been diverted by one of the young ladies with whom I was talking. But, I was soon aware that something had been said by the student from Mississippi which had given deep offence to the one from Tennessee. I afterwards learned that the unfortunate words, uttered under the excitement of wine, had been intended to disparage the Tennessecan in the eyes of the young girl into whose good graces each was trying to win a place.

The countenance of my young friend from Tennessee, whom I had known always as a mild, even-tempered young man, was almost livid with rage. He had a bottle in his hand, and was raising it as I looked up. Before there was time for interference, he hurled the dangerous missile at the other, and striking him on one of his temples, dashed him insensible to the floor. The bottle crushed as it struck, and left a deep wound.

We were a sadder party when we returned than we were in the morning's joyous going forth. A carriage conveyed the young man, who remained insensible, back to town. An immediate examination of the wound was made by a surgeon, who detected a slight fracture and a slight depression of the bone. But his skill was not equal to the need. He was unable to restore the bone to its right position, and to the grief and dismay of all parties, the young man remained insensible. Days, weeks passed; but life continued, hiding itself in the vital organs, and all attempts to force or win it to the ultimates of the body, failed.

The painful duty of writing to the young man's friends devolved on me. They came in all haste, and removed the student to New York, where the most skilful surgeons tried in vain the work of restoration. Two years the young man lingered in hopeless paralysis, and then died.

Alas! But the evil did not stop here. Another life had to be sacrificed. An older brother of the Mississippian, under a false notion of honor, demanded a meeting with the almost heart-broken Tennessecan, who went with him to the field of mortal combat, and received a ball into his heart, without even pulling the trigger of the pistol which had been placed in his hand.

It was my last champagne party.

Country Living

AND COUNTRY THINKING.*

Reader, if you are one of those who have enjoyed the "Country Parson," we advertise you of another pleasure in store. From the "University Press," bearing the imprint of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, comes a volume, entitled as above, full of thoughts for the thoughtful. It seems to be a woman's book, but the pen-name, Gail Hamilton, does not decide this matter. As to the author's personality, he or she warns the public to make no inquiry (of course sharpening curiosity) on pain of being considered impertinent. "If you commit this sin against me, I will never forgive you! Or, since that may be unscriptural, I will forgive you just enough to save my own soul, but not enough to be of any use to you." That was a woman, sure! But we stand admonished, and will make no guess as to her real name. The contents of the book, made up of several papers,—"Moving," "My Garden," "Men and Women," "Brown-Bread and Cakes," "Dog-Days," "A Complaint of Friends," "Winter," etc., etc., are delightful, so fresh, so genial, and so meditative. We offer our readers a treat in this selection:—

WINTER.

Some people have a way, you probably, my dear friend, among the rest, of going into the country. When the sun beats down hot and hard, when the earth gets parched and arid, when the fields have gone gray for lack of rain, and all the little leaves have curled themselves to dry death, and the heavens are dull, shimmering brass, and the roads are ankle-deep in fine, powdery dust, and the thirsty oxen stand panting in muddy bogs that were once pools of water, and the grasshopper has become a burden, and your desire for everything but ice-water has failed,—then you wrap the chairs in brown holland, turn the pictures to the wall, carry the silver down to the bank, pack a dry-goods store into your trunk, leave your cool, blinded, shaded city house with its large rooms, its ample baths, and its attentive well-trained servants, join a great dusty caravan, in a little dusty, cindery, clamorous railroad-car, whirl off to a great hotel, pitch about among hackmen and porters till you have ensconced yourself somewhere in a seven by nine room, with the clatter of a legion of feet continually above, around, beneath, and the prolonged torture of a gong forever summoning you to the two-hundredth part of a table, when you unpack your dry goods, and put on your flounces and laces and diamonds, and sit up straight, graceful, and lady-like, and dine of the same meats, and hop with the same hoppers, and talk with the same talkers, and see the same faces, and do the same things you did yesterday at home; and this you call "going into the country."

Or, being a notch lower in the social scale, and not able to contribute your part to the splendors of a great establishment, you go to a little village, eight miles away, and engage a southwest chamber in a house set on a hill, without blinds, with a tank of rain-water directly under the window, a feather bed, wooden chairs, and red-flowered carpet, where you slumber out your mornings, simmer out your middays, and fight out your nights with mosquitos,—to all of which I have not the slightest objection—if you like it. It is change, and that, after all, is what you need; and even if you have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, it will serve to make the frying-pan more tolerable when you go back to it. But if, having done this, you consider that you have been in the country, that you have exhausted nature, and that there is nothing new under the sun for you to see, why, I must take the liberty of respectfully informing you that you don't know what you are talking about.

Nature is very exacting. You may make her a flying visit in August, and she will indeed unfold to you the beauties of dew-drop, and thunder-shower, and evening sky; but to know her in her wholeness, to drink in full measure the "life that hides in marsh and wold," to conceive all her magnificent possibilities, you must woo her from New Year to New Year, and every New Year shall bring you a fairer picture, a richer blessing, than the last.

You shall look out upon a gray, frozen earth, and a gray, chilling sky. The trees stretch forth naked branches imploringly. The air pinches and pierces you, a homesick desolation clasps around your shivering, shrinking heart, and then God works a miracle. The windows of heaven are opened, and there comes forth a blessing, the gray sky unlocks her treasures, and softness and whiteness and warmth and beauty float gently down upon the evil and the good. Through all the long night, while you sleep, the work goes noiselessly on. Earth

*Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

puts off her earthliness, and when the morning comes she stands before you in the white robes of a saint. The sun hallows her with baptismal touch, and she is glorified. There is no longer on her pure brow anything common or unclean. The Lord God hath wrapped her about with light as with a garment. His Divine charity hath covered the multitude of her sins, and there is no scar or stain, no "mark of her shame," no "seal of her sorrow." The far-off hills swell their white purity against the pure blue of the heaven. The sheeted splendor of the fields sparkles back a thousand suns for one. The trees lose their nakedness and misery and desolation, and every slenderest twig is clothed upon with glory. All the roofs are blanketed with snow; all the fences are bordered. Every gate-post is statuesque; every wood-pile is a marble quarry. Harshest outlines are softened. Instead of angles, and ruggedness, and squalor, there are billowy, fleecy undulations. Nothing so rough, so common, so ugly, but it has been transfigured into newness of life. Everywhere the earth has received beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Without sound of hammer or axe, without the grating of saw or the click of chisel, prose has been sculptured into poetry. The actual has put on the silver veil of the ideal.

Will you look more closely? A part is, if possible, more beautiful than the whole. On the Brobdignagian texture of your coat-sleeve, one wandering snow-flake has alighted. Gaze at it or ever it vanishes from your sight. What a world of symmetry it discloses to you! What an airy, fairy, crystalline splendor! What delicate spires of feathery light shoot out from the centre with tiny fringes, and rosy, radiating bars. In all your life you have never seen anything more beautiful, more perfect, and you may stand "breast-high" in just such marvellous radiance. Talk of robbers' caves and magic lamps! No Eastern imagination, rioting in "barbaric pearl and gold," can eclipse the magnificence in which you live and move and have your being.

And there is a deeper beauty than this. It is not only that the snow makes fair what was good before, but it is a messenger of love from heaven, bearing glad tidings of great joy. Hope for the future comes down to the earth in every tiny snow-flake. Under the purity that spans the hill-side, and lies lightly piled in the valleys, the earth-spirits and fairies are ceaselessly working out their multifold plans. The grasses hold high carnival safe under their crystal roof. The roses and lilies keep holiday. The snow-drops and hyacinths, and the pink-lipped Mayflower, wait as they that watch for the morning. The life that stirs beneath thrills to the life that stirs above. The spring sun will mount higher and higher in the heavens; the sweet snow will sink down into the arms of the violets, and, at the word of the Lord, the earth shall come up once more as a bride adorned for her husband.

And "as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Native land! Fatherland! Is not the word spoken to you?

O beautiful, sorrowful country! for whom the watch-fires of freedom have been lighted on the hills, for whom the flames of sin lurk ghastly and baleful in the valleys; baptized in the blood of heroes; consecrated with the prayers of saints; precious for your priceless past, unspeakably precious for the hope of your golden future; for all your faults never more dear than now; rocked with the throes of a mortal agony; shuddering through all your frame in the slimy coil of a monster; your young strength once prostrated, but now alive, your young life poisoned, but renewed again;—shall not "Nature bring you solace?" Already the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Shall we not therein read a sweet prophecy? The winter of your discontent shall be made glorious summer. You too shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

There is nothing like winter in the country to develop one's resources and mature one's graces. Blocked up by the snow, driven in by the cold, forced to subside on yourself, it stands you in hand to be agreeable and inventive. If your chimney smokes, if your door-knobs loosen and come off, if the rain soaks

through the walls, if the roof is leaky, if holes yawn in your shoes, if your skate-straps are too short, or your sled-runner is broken, or your note paper gives out, you cannot jump upon the train and go to the next market-town to be set up again. You must either wait for the spring or a January thaw, or you must contrive some remedy yourself.

If your Decembers have been genially warmed into Junes without any intervention of your own, and you find yourself suddenly in a remote village, under the necessity of attending to your fire or going without it, you will often be in that state of mind which will demand for solace a constant repetition of the old saw, "It takes a fool to make a fire." If, worse than this, you suffer yourself to be lured by siren songs of warmth, convenience, and economy from the good old groves of hickory and oak and maple, to try, like the old man in the spelling-book, what virtue there is in stones, you will have an admirable opportunity to cultivate the virtue of patience; and patience is a divine virtue. When we look at God, holy, just, and kind, and at his creatures, rebelling against him, cruel to each other, polluting themselves with sin, and violating his wise laws,—and yet see how he ever makes his sun to rise upon evil and good, and sends his rain upon just and unjust, continuing to all alike the blessings of seed-time and harvest,—we are ready to say, that patience is of all virtues the most divine.

But it is not only divine, it is pre-eminently a human virtue. It works into daily life a sweetness, a balm, a peacemaker, a consoler. It makes home happy. It shames vice. It disarms ill temper. It goes far to make society tolerable. So important is this virtue esteemed in the Divine economy, that a large part of our experience is framed so as to strengthen and improve it. We deviate into no path in which we cannot find some circumstance fitted to exercise and perfect it. It is, however, a solemn thought, that opportunities wasted are burdens upon our shoulders. If we grow wicked by a means which was intended and adapted to make us grow good, we grow a great deal more wicked than we should if such means had never been tried. A blessing turned into a curse is doubly accursed. Sorrows that do not soften, harden. Life is full of little occasions which may help us to grow in grace, and may show us whether we have already done so; but neglected or perverted, they deteriorate us.

But these reflections will not occur to you in the early stages of your experience with coal fires. On the contrary, you will begin your work full of hope. Careful to follow to the letter every direction, you are confident of success. With half contemptuous commiseration, you think of some cousin, or aunt, or friend, who has been appalled by the lions in the way, and turned back. You consider it a weakness of character, rather to be pitied than severely censured. You are charitable to all the world as you lay in your kindlings with mathematical regularity, — paper, shavings, splinters, sticks. You apply the match. A furious roar springs up. You start back, half delighted, half scared. What if the chimney should catch fire. You hustle on the coal to smother the exceeding fierceness. The roar crackles, sputters, stifles, and dies the death. There is a pause. You open the door, and peep in furtively. A faint suggestion of flame and half a dozen sparks. A second peep,—the flames have disappeared, the sparks are diminished. A third peep,—black as Acheron. The kindlings burned charmingly, but they mistook means and ends, and kindled nothing. You put in your hand and pry under the surface to see if anything is happening. Whew! Who could imagine that anything so cold-looking could be so hot, or anything so hard-looking could be so smutty. But your black fingers will be atoned for to-morrow by three little white blisters at this moment developing under the blackness. Then you turn a crank and let the coal down, that you may take it out and try again. Down it comes crashing into the drawer. You proceed to pull it out. Something sticks. You wriggle and twist, and jerk it in vain. You are forced to thrust your arm into the stove, and take the coal out by handfuls. Then you begin anew, and after consuming wood enough to heat your room all day, and time enough for as much more wood to grow, you succeed in getting a fire. But you do not mind the time spent, for you say to yourself, "It is once for all." You flatter yourself that, once kindled, it will stay kindled. You are doomed to disappointment. You open the stove door in the morning, and it is "upper, nether, and surrounding darkness," abysmal and dismal. You have to go through the whole process again, with the added misery of ashes, which come, puff! into your face, a suffocating cloud, on the slightest provocation. You plod on for a few days. Every separate member of your family has a separate opinion, and proffers different advice,—all entirely conjectural and

at random. You have recourse to the experienced. One advises you to shake down the old coal before you put on new, which you do vigorously, and shake all the life out of it. Then you are told that you must keep it quiet, and you tread gingerly, laying in the fresh coal carefully with your own shuddering fingers,—as if you were planning a surprise, and designed to get it on fire before it should know what was going on; but the enemy is on the alert, and baffles you with a "masterly inactivity." Meanwhile there comes a cold snap, and the thermometer plumps down to zero. Everything about the house freezes solid, and breaks. Friends who call are pressed to have a shawl, and stop to dinner. Bores are blandly invited, in rural formula, to "take off their coats and make themselves at home." Then somebody tells you that the grate must be poked to keep it clear. Submissive, you procure a sharp stick in lieu of a poker, which, if it exists at all, is not visible to the naked eye, and, like any Parsee, prone on the floor you fall before your swart divinity, and ram the stick up under the grate. Down come the ashes in a gray shower over your sleeve and hand, covering every thread of the one, and filling every pore of the other; but desperately you poke on, till light shines through. Sometimes your exertions will be rewarded by success, and sometimes not; and this is your great perplexity. Everything is inconsequent. Similar causes produce dissimilar effects. You do, with slavish imitation, everything you are told to do, till it is shown to be useless, when you give rein to genius and branch off on your own account, in brilliant and startling combinations. You shake down, and refrain from shaking. You poke, and you cease poking. You set the wood on fire before you put the coal on, and you put the coal on before you set the wood on fire. You open everything openable, and shut everything shutable, and you never have any inkling of what will happen next. There is no satisfaction when the fire does burn, for it does not burn logically. It is an isolated fact. It does not establish anything, nor indicate anything. No palpable reason exists why it should burn this time, that did not apply with equal force to the four previous occasions when it declined burning. It ought to have gone out last night as well as the night before. It is like the proverbial woman,—

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't,
If she wont, she wont, and there's an end on't."

It is like an over-sensitive man;—one of those disagreeable unfortunates who are known as "touchy." If you don't treat it "just so," it is all over with you. Its dignity is as ticklish as that of our self-made aristocrats. You can scarcely look askance at it without disturbing its equilibrium. You begin to believe that some "imp of the perverse" has taken up his abode there,—that some unhoused gnome is wreaking vengeance on you for his violated home,—and you fall gradually into a pugnacious mood. You get a way of looking at the coal as a malicious and skilful foe, and it is a drawn battle between you. You grow, as the country-people say, "short-waisted." The harder it is for the coal to kindle, the easier it becomes for you. Your conversation turns growly and snappish. You wax dangerous. Every inquiry as to your progress, you get to look on as an insult. You suffer under a sense of injury. You feel as if the world and the elements were in league against you. You are sensitive of the slightest allusion to fire. You have a kind of pyrophobia.

No, my dear friend, this will never do. This is all wrong. This is the abuse, not the use, of coal. You are wasting anthracitic opportunities for the development of the noble virtue of patience. Be not deceived. Martyrdom comes to but few. Few are called to resist unto blood, striving against sin, but many are called to resist unto inconvenience, restraint, and self-denial; and an incessant pin-pricking is perhaps harder to bear than the swift-descending axe, or the cranch of a lion's jaws: and if you come off conqueror from the one, you shall in no wise lose your reward, any more than he who calmly faced the horrors of the other. If the trials to which you are subjected seem all the more severe from being so petty, remember that Rome was not built in a day, and it is the constant, hourly chipping at the quarried marble that is to rear in the end—the temple of God. Remember, too, that however out of joint the matter may be, fretting will never mend it. It is bad to feel your hands growing rough, but it is worse to let your temper keep them company. It ruffles you to hear of stoves that run like a clock from November to May, but it wont smooth you to go into a rage about it. It is aggravating to have the fire burn up and warm the room delightfully, just as the stove-man, for whom you have sent to see what the trouble is, arrives, and then to have it go out as soon as he does; but what are you going to do about it? If you are wise, you will remember that you are only sharing the common lot. You will think of the

great multitudes who have passed through the same tribulations, and the summer atmosphere of a thousand happy homes will beckon you on to victory. You will think, with admiring gratitude, of the man who first discovered the combustibility and practicability of coal. You will see the fatherliness of your Creator in making this wonderful provision for you,—how the giant trees leaped heavenward at his bidding, and at his bidding died, to become in death your ministers. What wisdom and benevolence wrought this marvellous work in the great laboratories of the earth,—scooped out those vast basins, piled therein these inexhaustible treasures, more precious than gold, and so took care for your comfort ages and ages before you were born! And will you be petulant because you carry your end of the pole a little awkwardly at first? Shall your orisons and vespers be the prayer of the daughters of the horse-leech? Will you not be content that the Lord has given you the coal, but will you require him to work a miracle to kindle it? For you fail only because you are fighting against the nature of things, and here is another lesson which you may learn,—the inexorableness of law. Not a spark of fire, not the smallest black coal-speck on your finger, but follows the law of its being, fixed, relentless. Your intentions are good. You mean to do right. But you are transgressing some chemical or mechanical law, and the dumb coal, which has never deviated from rectitude, is a swift witness against you. With nature, ignorance is no excuse for transgression. The penalty follows surely on the heels of sin. Is the law of matter more fixed than the law of mind? If you cannot sin against lifeless stones with impunity, can you sin against a living soul, and go scot free? If a right purpose will not kindle a fire without wise means, will it fashion a son's mind? Do you not see how the blind may mislead the blind, with utmost tenderness, to destruction.

Above all things, do not "give up." Rise to the height of the emergency. Be master of yourself. Get the victory over impatience; so from the stubborn coal shall you express the oil of joy, and find beauty for ashes. Every lambent tongue of flame shall be to you a messenger from heaven, and every day a pentecost. With a heart open to all pure influences, you shall feel the full force of those sweet words, "Lo! I am with you always," and with eyes which the Lord hath opened, you shall see "sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The Child and the Evergreen.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

I had wandered in the summer,
Listening to each insect hummer,
All unmindful of the cold
Coming when the year was old;
All unmindful of the snow
And the wild winds that must blow;
All forgetful that the flowers
Faded with the summer hours.

Childhood's heart beat high and warm,
Why then should I think of storm?
But, alas! the days grew chill,
And the song upon the hill,
Of the red-breast robin-rover
Seemed forever to be over—
To my childish heart how weary
Passed those long hours cold and dreary.

Climbed I then my mother's knee,
Wondering why such things must be;
"Mother, now the flowers are fled,
All are withered—all are dead;
Mother, no green leaves remain—
Oh, how white the window pane!
I am sorrowing much to-day
For the bright things passed away!"

"Oh, my child, you've not yet seen
Winter's glorious Evergreen;
Tho' the snow unrobes the hill,
That is fresh and lovely still;
Tho' the rude storms madly play,
Still it meekly winds its way,
Emblematic of a heart
Whence no freshness doth depart.

"Listen, child, thou hast a flower;
Watch it—guard it hour by hour;
Keep thy heart, child, pure and warm,
And thy soul shall know no storm;
Then through all thy care and pain
Every *loss* shall prove a *gain*;
Then shall Hope and Memory be,
Each an Evergreen to thee!"

"The Best Thing about a Girl."—The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheek may be, or how velvety her lips—if she wears a scowl, even her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome, though her complexion be coarse enough to grind nutmegs on. As perfume is to the rose, so is good-nature to the lovely.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Another year had passed. This one had gone swiftly—so swiftly, that when it laid its harvest of days gathered out of the golden spring and glowing summer, and the red heart of the autumn in the great white storehouse of winter, Grace asked, with a wide wonder in her brown eyes—

"Where has the year gone?" And it was the first time for eight years that she had asked this question.

It was the last day of May. The brier roses were in a red heat of bloom by the window; the lilacs were in a purple flame; the apple-trees, in the full tide of blossoming, stood up that year like a vast white rose, flushed with pink.

On this last day of May, Mrs. Palmer and Grace stood together in the spare chamber, where the open windows let in a vein of sunlight and all kinds of sprouting fragrances. Both mother and daughter were intent on securing in the frames a piece of elaborate patchwork, in the shape of a flaming sunflower, made of diminutive triangles of bright-colored satin on a gray white ground of the same material, while four stars of smaller size and similar pattern occupied the corners of the immense square.

"Well, Grace," said Mrs. Palmer, as she adjusted one of the chairs on which the long frames rested for the twentieth time, and surveyed the flaming billows of patchwork with admiration, "we must chalk the first row round this afternoon, for I shall have enough to keep me spry to-morrow mornin' gettin' ready for the quiltin' party by two o'clock. Have you made up your mind yet what pattern you'll have?"

"No; I'll let you decide, mother," running a cord through a small groove in a ball of chalk.

Mrs. Palmer looked anxious and undecided.

"There's scroll, and double shell, and oak leaf, and herrin' bone, and di'mond, that al'ays look well; I can't tell for the life on me which would suit this best."

"Shell, then, mother; suppose we decide on the double shells?" answered Grace, not suspecting that the name had quite as much to do with her choice as the inherent merit of the pattern.

"Double shells never was beat in my eye," answered her mother, glad to reach a decision on so important a matter.

Then followed a brief discussion respecting the position of the first row of shells; and after this, Mrs. Palmer continued—

"There's no use, Grace, in askin' any more than can get round the quilt, but I expect there'll be a good many hard feelin's in consequence; everybody'll want a hand in it."

"Well, we can obviate all trouble in that quarter by giving out invitations for two afternoons; we never could get through with it in *one*, mother."

"That's a real bright idee, Grace; and it wont be much more trouble to bake up for two suppers than for one."

At this moment, Deacon Palmer came into the chamber. They manifested no surprise at seeing him, for the old man of late was in the habit of passing any little interludes in his farm-work with his family. His glance fell on the quilt a moment, and then went up to his daughter's face, with some new tenderness struggling under the heavy eyebrows. He laid his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"It don't seem as though I was going to lose my little girl so soon," he said, softly.

Grace could now bear any allusions to her future with tolerable composure, and the flush that was like the tint of sea-shells in her cheek scarcely deepened itself as she looked up with a smile that was worth going far to see.

"I wont be much of a loss, father, dear; I shall be so near home, you know."

"I know it; I'm not certain I ever could be brought to givin' you up, if Edward was a goin' to carry you away off from us."

And Grace wondered, as she bent over the quilt, whether, even for Edward's sake, she could make up her mind to go very far from her father, as old age was beginning to close round him, and she was the very apple of his eye. Perhaps her parents divined her thought, for there was a little silence, which Mrs. Palmer broke.

"Father, did you ever set your eyes on a greater beauty than that?" nodding towards the quilt.

The Deacon inspected it with that look of profound mystery and helpless incapacity which his sex are apt to bestow on all such triumphs of feminine genius.

"It looks fine as a peacock," was his not very appreciative rejoinder; but, mother, aren't you taking rather too much on your hands jest now? You've been all your life about this 'ere kind of work, and you must have bedquilts enough by this time to outlast half a dozen generations."

"Father," exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, stopping short in her work, and confronting her husband with a solemn impressiveness of tone and manner, "would you have a daughter of yourn get married without a quiltin' aforehand?"

Thus appealed to, the Deacon looked undecided and reflective.

"I don't know as I can see any objection to it. I s'pose folks have done it afore, and got through life jest as comfortable."

"*Decent* folks never have!" with a very fervid emphasis on the adjective; for Mrs. Palmer was a strong conservator of all old customs and ceremonies. "For my part, I could never be brought to consentin' to a weddin's comin' off under *my* roof without a quiltin' aforehand."

Mrs. Palmer being summoned down stairs at this juncture, her further remarks were cut short.

"What day does Edward say we may look for him now, Grace?" asked her father.

"The first of week after next. He writes that he has a furlough for an indefinite period from General Washington. He thinks that the army will be disbanded soon; and there is no probability of his returning to it. And, father—"

She caught her breath here, and small soft flames in her cheek went and came, and widened.

"Go on, my child."

"He writes that he hasn't any time to spare now; and he's anxious to get to work; and, and—a good many other things. In short, he wants matters to come off a day or two after his return."

"Whew!" said the Deacon—"so soon as that? The fellow's in a great hurry, seems to me."

"He's had to wait eight years, you know, father," with a very beguiling little plea in her tones.

"Well, I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it one time as another, bein' it's got to come; so, take your own time, Grace."

"Dear father!" The tears that stood bright in her eyes, said the rest.

Then the Deacon drew a long narrow package, with some foreign marks on it, from his deep coat pocket.

"It seems that I'm jest in time," he said handing it to Grace. "The barge got in to-day, and Captain Ash is an old friend of mine, and give me a fust chance at his cargo, and that was among 'em."

The girl's eager fingers tore away the wrappings, and a magnificent brocade disclosed itself. Its lavender-colored ground drifted all over with lilies of the valley, whose flakes and festoons of shining silver looked at a little distance like a white cloud of surf, dazzled with sunshine.

"Oh, father!" Grace drew a long breath, and clasped her hands, in a most expressive pantomime of admiration.

"You wont think your father's without some taste now?" enjoying to the full her mute surprise and delight.

"I never saw anything half so beautiful in my life! Why, father, I shall never dare to wear it. It's good enough for a queen!"

"And isn't my daughter good enough for a queen?"

At this moment Mrs. Palmer returned, and her eyes were dazzled with the silver cloud which Grace held up before her.

The usual feminine range of adjectives at Mrs. Palmer's command failed her at this time. After inspecting the fabric at different points, she said, making a tactile examination of its quality—

"It's thick as any board, and will stand alone any day. I declare, Grace!" And she shook her head.

Mrs. Palmer would have found it difficult to embody in words the various feelings which expressed themselves in that pantomime. The Deacon only recognized a small part of these, when he said—

"I know it looks rather showy for plain folks like us; but, mother, we've only one daughter, and she wont get married but once in her life, so we can afford to make something of a time over it."

All the mother was in the pride and tenderness of the glance which Mrs. Palmer lifted to her daughter's face.

"I s'pose we can't do too much for her, father, seein', as you say, she's all we've got. I'm goin' to do somethin' for my part, too; and that's to give you, Grace, your grandma's silver set. Likely you'll want to use 'em sometimes, though I never had 'em out except to rub 'em up once a year. It's been in the family over a hundred years. There isn't many a girl will have the settin' out you will, Grace."

"There isn't many'll deserve it," thought her father, although from conscientious motives, he refrained from expressing his opinion.

At last, when he turned to go down stairs, Mrs. Palmer followed him, asking in a slightly wheedling tone—

"Now, father, do tell me what you give for that weddin' dress?"

"That's the captain's secret and mine," answered the Deacon. And Mrs. Palmer knew that they both could keep it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The two weeks which intervened were very rapid and busy ones under the Deacon's roof. Mrs. Palmer found, as the time for the wedding drew near, that the demands of the occasion transcended her powers and Grace's; so she beguiled into her service "Aunt Chloe," an old colored woman, who had presided over Parson Willetts's domestic affairs since the death of his wife.

Aunt Chloe was a small, thin, withered little woman, with a flaming red and yellow turban, beetling majestically over her sable complexion and general abruptness of feature. But the thick, mellow laugh, always shaking the little withered body to and fro, was absolute testimony to her good-nature, and she possessed all that natural shrewdness of observation, that quick wit and imitation, which are among the characteristics of the race which somebody says "belongs to the carboniferous strata of the human ages."

Moreover, Aunt Chloe was possessed of remarkable gastronomic genius, and she was always in her element in the midst of preparations for a wedding, and in the concoctions of various kinds of wedding-cake she held herself absolutely without a rival; and Mrs. Palmer had accordingly resigned this department into her hands.

The morning of the day previous to that on which the ceremony was to transpire, Mrs. Palmer came into the kitchen in a fever of heat and exertion.

"Oh, dear, Aunt Chloe, it's a comfort to think folks don't have to get married but once in their lives."

Aunt Chloe's chuckling, oleaginous laugh, rolled in her throat.

"Lor' sakes, *Miss* Palmer," she said, "there's plenty o' folks would get married three or four times, ef they only had the chance."

"Well," continued Mrs. Palmer, with a sigh of resignation, "they must like gettin' ready for it better'n I do."

"I think it's fust rate to be gettin' ready for it," interposed Benny, with such oracular gravity, at this moment, that it started off Aunt Chloe's laugh again, and she was obliged to sit down and hold her hands on her knees."

"Nobody'll ever cotch you asleep in the mornin', Benny," was her compliment, between little whiffs of laughter. "I declare! you're a smart 'un. What do you know about gettin' ready for a weddin'?"

"I know there's plenty of weddin' cake on hand," said the boy, with his round eyes dancing like coals betwixt his curls; "and that's all the good there is in gettin' married, any way. Aunt Chloe, when you make *my* wedding-cake, you must make one big loaf, that'll last a great many days, all for myself, and nobody else is to touch it."

This time, Aunt Chloe was utterly convulsed, and had to hold her hands on both sides; and Mrs. Palmer could not refrain from joining in the laugh.

When the black woman had at last recovered herself, she remarked to Mrs. Palmer, in a solemn way, that she might depend on't that child was born to light a candle somewhere that would outshine others in the world, a remark which did in no wise diminish Mrs. Palmer's faith in Aunt Chloe's natural acuteness and prophetic insight.

"How is that cake comin' on?" she inquired, after a glance round the domain she had temporarily resigned; for Mrs. Palmer had been occupied with Grace the whole morning in setting the chambers in order for guests who were expected from a distance on this occasion.

"Jest come and see for yourself, *Miss* Palmer," and Aunt Chloe led the way with an air of proud satisfaction, into the cool milk room, where the cake was spread out on two tables, pervading the whole air with its spicy, saccharine aroma.

The bride's cake stood in the centre, towering loftily over all the others, the sides and top glistening in icing. Around it stood smaller mounds of snow and smooth plains of a maroon tint, thickly freckled with citron and plums, altogether a wonderful triumph of Aunt Chloe's genius.

"There, *Miss* Palmer," said the little black woman, waving her hand majestically towards the tables—"did you ever see anything to beat *that?*"

"Never in all my born days," fervently ejaculated the Deacon's wife. "You have the luck, Aunt Chloe."

Here Benny's face was thrust inside.

"Mother, *he's* come; the stage has got in!" was his laconic communication of the future bridegroom's advent.

Gratification and anxiety at this announcement struggled for mastery in Mrs. Palmer's face. She only expressed the latter to Aunt Chloe.

"Dear me, now! there wont be such a thing

as gettin' hold of Grace ag'in to-day, now Edward's come. They haven't seen each other for a year, and he wont have her out of his sight now."

"Laud, *Miss* Palmer, you can't expect anything short o' young folks. Let 'em have their time; they wont be young al'ays," answered Aunt Chloe, who had a secret sympathy with her future mistress. Then she beckoned to Benjamin, who stood in wide-eyed admiration before the tables, and turning to one of the shelves, took from it a cake baked in the shape of a large coffee-cup, and slipped the miniature loaf into his hand, saying, with a mysterious look, "Don't say nothin' about it. I kept a corner of my eye open for you."

"And mind, Benny, you keep clear of the parlor this mornin'," added Mrs. Palmer, as the boy started for the door.

Colonel Du l y's arrival took no one by surprise this time, and Grace was in some sort of readiness to receive him; but Mrs. Palmer's prophecy that the young officer would absolutely appropriate the society of his bride elect, proved itself by the events of that morning. It was in vain that Grace occasionally ventured a faint suggestion of especial duties demanding her supervision for this crisis. She was met with the invariable argument—

"I haven't had a sight of you for a year, Grace—what a long one it has seemed—and you mustn't take your face away from me this morning."

"You'll have a chance to see it, Edward, every day of your life, in a little while, and grow tired of it too, perhaps, sometime."

The smile half contradicted and apologized for the words; and yet there was a little faint doubt or fear in the tones.

"No danger of *that*, Grace," answered Edward Dudley, solemnly—"I shall carry through my life too keen a memory of those long years when my eyes hungered for a sight of this dear face to have it ever become 'common' to me."

"I understand you, Edward. I have often thought that our lines together would be different, because of the great shadow that fell upon our youth—that some new element of earnestness and happiness would enter into them, because of all we have passed through."

"No doubt of it; such a long, fiery trial and discipline *ought* to make us better man and woman for the years that remain."

Then they both sat thinking, silently.

"What is it, Grace?" For a new wish had struggled up through the gravity of her face.

"It came across me then, suddenly, that I wanted Robert to be here to-morrow night. It will not seem quite complete without him."

The Colonel smiled.

"I have a feeling—a presentiment, as your sex say, that he'll be here before the ceremony transpires."

"Why, Edward!" with the startled pleasure in her brown eyes that he loved to see—"what *has* put that idea into your head?"

"I saw Robert a few weeks since, just after he had obtained his furlough, and he then told me he anticipated being here as soon as I was; but it seems I have preceded him."

"There is something beyond your words, Edward."

"If there is, I am not at liberty to disclose it. Wait and see whether you find me a false prophet."

A suspicion suddenly crossed Grace's mind, which she was about to utter, but a second thought held the words back. Robert had a fashion of doing things in his own way. She resolved to ask no questions, and changed the subject by saying—

This last year has improved you wonderfully, Edward. You don't look like the same sun-browned, weather-beaten man, who came up that walk a year ago."

It was true, the year in camp which the officers of the American army had enjoyed after their long and terrible labors, had effected visible improvement in the health and appearance of many, among whom was Edward Dudley.

"I was haggard, weather-beaten, worn out, when I came to you a year ago. I've had some time for recuperation since; and it's well, too, considering what is to transpire to-morrow night. I'm not vain; but I shouldn't like to have the contrast greater than it is."

Grace had no tact in answering pretty compliments with others, as most of her sex have; she was too natural and simple for any arts, and Edward Dudley was not much in the habit of bestowing compliments, nor would he have liked a woman who desired them. At this time, Grace arose suddenly, saying—

"I've had a present, Edward, that I want you to see." And she went to the cupboard in one corner of the room, and opened it.

He followed her, and was greeted by a display of china a little more exquisite than anything he ever remembered seeing in his life; and this, in Colonel Dudley's case, was saying a good deal. Every piece in the set had some new landscape finely traced in the

shining transparent ware, so that the whole embraced a variety of beautiful and varied pictures.

"I shall not tell you where I got them until you have passed your judgment on each," said Grace. And the next half hour slipped by examining and admiring each separate article.

"It's a rare gift and a costly one, Grace," said the Colonel, looking up from the last teacup. "What friend have you with tastes so fine and heart so generous?"

"They are the gift of the dead rather than of the living," she answered, with a shadow which was something better than grief coming into her face—"Mrs. Trueman sent these to me, Edward, as Nathaniel's gift to us both. He brought this set home to his mother when he went on that sea voyage with his uncle, when he was about fourteen years old; and Mrs. Trueman wanted us to have something that we could call Nathaniel's gift."

And now Colonel Dudley's eyes sought the beautiful porcelain with something besides admiration.

"But the real meaning of the gift," continued Grace, "is to be found in that last message which Nathaniel left you for his mother. Lucy says that Mrs. Trueman has been a different woman from the night that she heard it—not, of course, the bright, active, bustling little woman we all remember before Nathaniel's death; but she has never grieved for him since, refusing to be comforted; and her interest in life and in old things has grown steadily since that time, and she's evinced it in nothing quite so much as in our affairs just now. Indeed, Lucy told me that she'd finally obtained her mother's promise to be present to-morrow evening."

"I rejoice to hear it, and it will be doubly gratifying to Lucy and all of us, as she is to be your bridesmaid."

"Yes; that was arranged long ago. Do you think Mr. Deming can manage to get here?"

"He will, as he promised me, if human power can effect it; but his duties are of such a nature that it's well nigh impossible for him to leave his post for a single day. Still, I have strong hopes of seeing him."

"I long to have them realized, especially for Lucy's sake."

A little pause, and Grace resumed—

"I haven't exhausted my gifts yet. I've something else to show you;" and she took down from a higher shelf a waiter containing a silver tea-set of an ancient fashion, with quaint embossing and devices. "It was my great-grandmother's," she said; "it is mine, now."

The young Colonel had an artist's eye for these things, and perhaps he knew their æsthetic worth a little better than Grace. She was half surprised to find that he touched the ancient plate almost reverently, for to him they were histories and biographies of the past.

"Sometime," he said, "I hope to sit at my own table, in our own little parsonage, and see *her* fair young face shining out sweet and strange from behind this ancient silver."

Grace's laugh and blush came together, as she told him she had some conscientious scruples about the propriety of parsons' wives sitting at their own table, behind ancient silver. It might not be setting a good example to the congregation.

CHAPTER XXX.

The evening of the next day was as fair a one as ever breathed itself out of the heart of June. The young moon bloomed amid her stars like a solitary flower amid a world of golden buds. The winds loitered up from the shore, and lost themselves amid the pines which stood half way betwixt the shore and the land that led past Deacon Palmer's.

The old homestead had never witnessed so fair a scene as that which was to transpire under its roof to-night. It was brilliantly lighted from garret to cellar, and overflowing with friends and neighbors from far and near; for this night was to witness the nuptials of the only daughter of the house with the nephew of their old minister; and this fact, with all the long trials and uncertainties which had accompanied their betrothal, made the event one of no common interest and significance. The parlor was hung with evergreens and roses, the tasteful work of Lucy Trueman that afternoon, assisted by Grace. It was not far from eight o'clock when the guests crowded into the parlor, and a hush stole over the laughing voices and happy faces, and all eyes were fastened on the door, where a moment later appeared the stately white head of Parson Willetts, followed by the Deacon and his young son, with Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Trueman; and beyond these came the bridal party.

How they all held their breaths to see her, the fair young bride, in her silver foam of brocade, and the spray of white orange blossoms, like stars in the bright darkness of her hair. How sweet and bright, in picturesque

contrast with the bride, shone Lucy Trueman's face to-night, in the gray satin flushed with pink, which had been her mother's wedding-dress. And by Lucy's side stood John Deming, who had arrived at the very last moment, with barely time to exchange his dusty travelling suit for one suited to the occasion.

And then the solemn voice of Parson Willetts broke the silence—the brief marriage ceremony was performed, the touching prayer was offered, which reached far back into the past to that fearful cloud of darkness and anguish under which they had all walked; and then the prayer broke out in a joyful thanksgiving for the morning of peace and liberty that had at last arisen upon the nation—thanksgiving, too, for the young pair, who, after counting no sacrifice dear for their country's sake, had at last, in the presence of many witnesses, united their lives—the lives that the old parson besought God fervently, might dwell in peace and happiness under their own vine and fig-tree, until they should go to that home where it was never said—"till death do you part."

Then the blessing was pronounced, and Edward Dudley had taken to wife, Grace, the daughter of Deacon Palmer.

Dear reader, it was a hearty, old-fashioned wedding, with a great deal of warm feeling, and comparatively little ceremony about it. Aunt Chloe was in her element, and her yellow turban shone like a tropical sun, as she bustled round with trays heaped with cake; while Benny, who always shone conspicuous on such occasions, followed next, with the wine. Of course, there was no dancing; but the younger part of the guests indulged in various old-fashioned plays and games. But the bridal party did not join in any of this general hilarity. A solemn joy, which flowed in deeper and less demonstrative channels, filled their souls; and amid all the greetings and congratulations of the evening, there were no words which Edward Dudley remembered so long as he did those of Mrs. Trueman, when he found himself standing at her side, and she looked up in his face with a smile that touched him.

"I have been thinking, Edward," she said, "how Nathaniel would have enjoyed being here to-night."

"So have I, dear Mrs. Trueman; and then I remembered that if it was in his power to be even here he would not, because he is so much happier where he is now."

"I know it," said Nathaniel's mother, looking up with a smile that had something of solemn triumph in its sweetness. "I am content now that it is just as it is. It is enough for me to know that Nathaniel is happy, and I am going to him."

Nobody else caught Mrs. Trueman's words. And at that moment Mr. Deming, who was standing near, remarked to Parson Willetts:

"I hope, sir, that you'll have an opportunity to do for me, before long, precisely the favor which you've done this evening for your nephew here."

"I shall be very happy to, sir," answered the stately old parson; "but it will take somebody beside you and I to make that bargain;" and he smiled benignantly down on Lucy, who stood by the clergyman's side.

And Lucy Trueman's cheeks were crimson, and she looked for once as though she had nothing to say.

It was growing late, and the guests were beginning to think about leaving, when all on a sudden there was a stir and confusion about the door, and in a moment Robert Palmer entered the room, and on his arm hung a small, slender girl-woman, her large blue eyes full of shyness and bewilderment, and her sweet, child-like face in a glow of confusion.

Robert moved right up to the place where his family, stricken dumb with amazement, was gathered.

"Father, mother, Grace," said the young man, "haven't you a welcome for me to-night, and for this woman, *my wife, Mrs. Robert Palmer?*"

Exclamations, welcomes, tears, congratulations, followed in confusion. The deacon made the first coherent speech, after kissing his new daughter.

"Certainly. I'll welcome your wife, Robert: but where in the world did you get her?"

"In the very house where, six years ago, she found me, and saved my life. If it had not been for her I should not be standing among you to-night."

Then the pretty young wife looked up through her blushes, and said in her sweet, clear voice—

"My father, and mother, and grandmother are dead, and I felt almost alone in the world when he came to me and told me he had carried the memory of the little girl who saved his life through all these years, and so I promised to come with him to be his wife, and a daughter and a sister to those he loves."

And from that hour the family of Robert Palmer took his young wife to their hearts, and never had reason to regret it.

The young husband waited only until he had

resigned his wife to her mother, and seen her travelling bonnet removed from her golden hair, before he turned to his sister, and asked eagerly—

"Am I too late, Grace?"

"Just two hours and a half," interposed the Colonel; "for at that time Grace Palmer merged herself in Mrs. Edward Dudley."

Robert took the disappointment with his usual good-natured philosophy.

"There's no use in mourning over it now. I should have been on hand in time if the stage hadn't broken down. Grace, receive the congratulations and the blessings of your brother."

"And take those of your sister, Robert, in good measure, flowing over."

And they kissed each other.

"My little Bessie," said the young husband, as he looked fondly at her, standing by his mother's side in her wedding-dress of white satin, "does she look anything as you fancied?"

"Not much. She is prettier than you painted her, Robert."

The surprise and confusion consequent on Robert's sudden advent with his new wife, kept the guests together an hour or two longer. But at last they began to disperse, and a little after midnight the time came, as had been previously arranged, for Edward to take Grace to the parsonage.

The minister's old chaise was at the door for that purpose; and at the last Grace turned to her father and mother and said:

"It seemed very fitting that this night, which has taken from you one daughter, should bring you another."

Then she turned, took the arm of her husband, and went out from the old homestead.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is a day in a June, six years later, a day which is twin sister, in its skies above and earth beneath, to that one which witnessed the marriage of Edward and Grace Dudley. The windows of the wide old sitting-room of the parsonage are open this afternoon, and the roses burn, like red coals, among the dark leaves, and the lady who sits there pauses often in the little crimson sacque she is hemming, and looks out on the dark sea of meadow-grass, and off to the distant hills, and her sweet brown eyes are full of quiet recognition and enjoyment of the beauty.

These years have dealt very tenderly with Mrs. Dudley. As she sits there, in her simple white dress, and the bands of bright brown hair parted over her low, open forehead, she looks the same girlish Grace Palmer of six years ago.

But suddenly the lady starts, for a little hand—you know it is that by the sound—is fumbling at the door latch, and, before the lady can rise, a little head, with a bright mesh of golden curls, and a pair of eyes which his mother gave him, rushes into the room.

"What—is your nap over so quick, little Nathaniel?" asks the mother, and the caress in her heart slips out in her tones.

"Yes; I've had a great big sleep," answers the small lisping voice, and the boy's face is full of brightness and wakefulness. "Where's papa?" and he starts for the study door with the air of one who has absolute freedom of entrance there.

"Come back, my child," calls the soft voice of the mother; "papa isn't there, he's gone over the hills to visit some sick people this afternoon, and he wont be home until night."

The bright face is a little overshadowed as it comes back to the mother. She knew that he missed the frolic and race with his father, which always came with the end of his afternoon nap.

"Now what will you have instead of papa?" she asks, slipping her needle in the hem of her work.

The boy looks perplexed and irresolute, and sticks his thumb between his lips like ripe berries.

"Something," he says.

"Perhaps mamma can help you think. Will you play with the pretty box of pictures Uncle Robert brought you last week, or will you have a nice story?"

The boy reflects a moment, and his mother tries to conceal her smile as she watches him standing with his thumb in his small mouth in an attitude of profound meditation. In a moment his face clears up—

"I'll have the story first;" and he bounds towards his mother.

She lifts him on her lap, and smooths the bright mesh of golden curls, and commences:

"There was once a little boy just the size and about the age of Nathaniel——"

The low running voice is broken up here with a little start, and in a surprised tone the lady asks—

"Why, Edward, what *has* brought you back so soon?"

The young clergyman came towards his wife and child quick as his lame leg would permit.

"Some good news that I wanted to share with you, Grace."

Here the boy interposed, bounding from his mother's lap, and rushing toward his father with a crow of triumph.

"Papa's little man!" and he was lifted up quickly, but did not receive his usual amount of attention just now.

"I've had a call, Grace," seating himself before his wife, and watching the effect of his communication.

"You *have*—where?" her face full of interest.

"At the old church." She looked touched, and very glad withal; yet she said quietly, "It is no more than I expected, now that poor dear uncle has gone from the congregation here, to the one above. You will accept it, Edward?"

"Shall I? I could get a larger salary, and what the world would call a better offer, perhaps. by waiting."

"You don't really *mean* that, while you ask it, Edward?"

"Not wholly. I know of no place where I can have, on the whole, a deeper influence or do more good."

"Then you will accept it, and I shall not have to leave father and mother in their old age, and break their hearts almost, and my own too; for my life has taken deep roots in my old home."

"So has mine among this people. We will, please God, my little wife, live, work, and die here."

Mrs. Dudley smiled on him, the sweet, brave, steadfast smile of Grace Palmer. Her husband leaned over and kissed her, and then he smiled on her archly with some new thought.

"What is it, Edward?"

"I was thinking, dear, of that first time I kissed you under the old apple tree, in the moonlight, and how indignant you were."

"When was *that*, papa?" interposed a little voice, whose owner began to feel itself a good deal neglected by this time.

"Don't be inquisitive, my son," laughed the father, lifting the child above his head.

"Edward, what can have put such a thought into your mind?" said Mrs. Dudley, with a very slight flush amid her laughter, as the memory of her feelings on the occasion alluded to came vividly back. "You were a most presumptuous, audacious young man, and deserved something very different from what you received."

"I don't dispute it, as I seldom do any of your opinions, Mrs. Dudley. As for the thought, I presume it was suggested by a conversation I have just had with your father."

"What sort of a conversation, pray?"

"One that took a leap back into the past, and out into the future, and which had for its starting point, the call that he delivered to me from the church."

"Father was a happy man when he gave it to you, I know," said Mrs. Dudley, with a little touched smile.

"Happy! You ought to have seen him at that moment, my dear; and in order that I should bring you the news at once, he offered to relieve me of my visit over the hills this afternoon. By the by, he and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robert and Benny are all coming over to tea, and to congratulate you on your new elevation."

"I must try to assume a little extra dignity for the occasion, I suppose."

"Not a particle, oh model of a minister's wife."

And here Mrs. Dudley laughed the laugh which had been Grace Palmer's, and remarked, putting up her work, that she must go out and inform Aunt Chloe of the anticipated advent of guests.

"Add four more to those I've mentioned," continued her husband.

"Why, Edward, Aunt Chloe will look serious!"

"No, she wont, for Mr. and Mrs. Deming, with the baby, and Mrs. Trueman, are the guests. I met John coming up, and invited him over, and told him wherefore!"

"Oh, Edward, the Lord has been very good to us!" her face going from its brightness into sudden gravity.

"Good, my dear wife! Our lives should be a perpetual psalm of thanksgiving for His tender mercies and loving-kindness to us; and speaking of this reminds me that another of your wishes and mine has been granted."

"What one, Edward?"

"Benjamin is going to Yale this fall. His father and he have just made up their minds to it."

"I'm afraid, Edward," and this time the gravity was deepened into tears, as she looked up, "I'm afraid that this continued shower of blessing, this great prosperity, will be too much for me; that in receiving and enjoying all the gifts, I shall not in my heart and life give sufficient glory to the Giver."

"Grace," answered her husband, solemnly, "God who gave us strength in the day of our

adversity will strengthen our hearts to take His prosperity humbly, gratefully."

"Papa! papa!" a little chubby, white hand ran into the clergyman's thick locks of hair, and a little dimpled face was lifted up with a silent plea in it.

"I understand what that means, child with your mother's eyes, and your father's face," said the minister, pinching the cheek which was like a peach that held the summer's ripeness in it. "Come, while mamma goes off to take culinary counsel with Aunt Chloe, we'll have a frolic together," and he carried the crowing child into the library.

—

The sunlight of that June day looked also into the small window panes of the old tavern, and fell in a golden spray on the pleasant faced old lady, who sat by the cradle, stirring it softly with her foot, and humming a low tune. And among the pile of soft pillows lay sleeping a year old infant.

Wonderful for beauty was the face of this child, with the dark rings of hair clustering about it—with lips just parted, and like the heart of crimson roses, while the small hands were clasped together like a pair of slow blossoming lilies.

Just then, a pair of soft, swift feet entered the room, and Mrs. Lucy Deming came up to her window, and her face, a bright, young face, although a shade more matronly than it was six years ago, held some sudden surprise and joy in it.

"Mother," she said, in an undertone, with a glance at the cradle, "I've got some news for you. John stopped to tell me before he went to put up his horse. Can you guess it?"

"No. I never was much of a hand a guessin', Lucy; but I know it's good news, from the looks of your face."

"My face tells the truth then. Edward has just had a call from our church, and of course he'll accept it, and stay amongst us. I'm so glad for Grace's sake, for all their sakes, and ours!"

"So am I; there's nobody in this world I'd go so far to hear preach," said Mrs. Trueman, fervently.

"And we are all to go over there to tea, to congratulate them. John has just seen Edward."

At that moment, the child stirred softly in his sleep. The young mother bent down to the cradle and looked on the sleeper; when she raised her face it was radiant with tenderness.

"Oh, mother, isn't he beautiful!" she said.

At that moment, the child opened his eyes, and catching sight of his grandmother, he stretched out his arms to her, and crowed and laughed. Mrs. Trueman gazed on the boy a moment with a look like that with which, years ago, she had bent over another cradle. Then she lifted her eyes and spoke,

"Lucy, he has the face—he has the face of Nathaniel who is in Heaven!"

—

And so, dear reader, we leave them all, living their pleasant lives, doing their work for God and their generation in the fair, free land for which they suffered so long, and which they bought with such a price. And while I have been writing of their deeds of heroism and sacrifices, all over this land the old heroisms and the old sacrifices have been made real again, and the children have stood up to dare and to suffer in the places of the fathers and the mothers!

And as for them the morning rose after the long night, so God grant it may arise on us, and that we keep unbroken, and undivided the inheritance they left us, an inheritance for which is now being poured out on many a fearful battle ground, blood as free and life as precious as those which have rendered sacred the "BATTLE FIELDS OF OUR FATHERS."

THE END.

This is not Our Rest.

BY FANNY FALES.

O, not by Elim's palms our feet may linger,
Or in green vales, by the flower-angel prest,
The birds rejoicing each God's music-bringer,
For this is not our rest.

Nor by the hearth where love is sweetest duty,
And bird-like tones of childhood glad the nest,
A glimpse of heaven seeming in its beauty,
For this is not our rest.

Of pleasure's bubbles weary, disenchanted,
The cup of Fame, e'en, lost its sparkle, zest,
For something still we pant, as erst we panted,
For this is not our rest.

No rest! no rest! on flood of sorrows riding,
Winged hopes we send forth the rough wind to breast,
For the tost ark we ask a place abiding,
An Ararat, a rest.

Oh where, oh where, the spirit cries imploring,
Shall it be found? not here, but with the blest—
God's people through the pearly gates adoring,
Shall enter into rest.

The Fall of the Rossberg.

Amidst all the magnificence of Switzerland, there is nothing to surpass the grandeur of the scenery which encircles the summit of the *Rigi*, called the *Rigi Culm*. This mountain, situated near the lake of Lucerne, is not, however, so remarkable for its elevation, as for the singularity and advantage of its position. You might imagine that the Creator of all things had thrown up a standing place for the intelligent admirers of his works, in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, which is a kind of world in miniature, where beauty and sublimity occur in endless diversities, in continued alternations, and in eternal rivalry. From this point the spectator contemplates, on the one side, beneath his feet, the lakes and less mountainous regions of Switzerland, stretching like a map to the far distant horizon; and, on the other, a semicircle of the Alps, with their mighty breadth and snow-covered peaks. The day which we devoted to the ascent of the Rigi, was one of perfect serenity and clearness. Over all the azure skies not a cloud was to be seen; not a sound was to be heard; all nature seemed to repose in sunshine and stillness: so that fancy might have deemed it a scene for angels to light upon; a resting-place between heaven and earth!

A little below the Alpine ridges, was to be seen a streak of brilliant clouds, which lifted them to an apparent height far superior to their real elevation, bewildering the imagination with an indistinct impression of scenery, that partook of a kind of celestial character. What superadded to the effect was the circumstance of a small white cloud, occasionally detached from the fleecy girdle, and wafted by some gentle breeze along the pure and peaceful atmosphere.

There was, however, one spot which partook of a very different character from the rest. No mind endowed even with the common sensibilities of our nature, could survey it without emotions of melancholy interest, for it was the grave of multitudes who were suddenly precipitated into eternity, by the *fall of the mountain of Rossberg;* an event distinctly traceable in the long strip of dusty brown, which bespoke ruin and desolation; and exhibited, as seen from the Rigi, a striking contrast with the surrounding verdure and fertility. In travelling towards the town of Art, we had previously stopped to examine the effects of the catastrophe, and to indulge in those reflections upon the uncertainty of life which are always calculated to benefit the mind, and which such a melancholy prospect was calculated to inspire.

The valley, once rich and fertile, but now partly filled up with huge and scattered fragments of earth, stretched along from the southern extremity of the lake of Zug, to that of the lake of Lowertz, a distance of five or six miles. On one side, and in immediate proximity, the Rigi ascends to the height of about four thousand three hundred and fifty-six feet above the level of the lake of Lucerne; on the other, the Ruffiberg, or Rossberg (more familiarly called the Rouffi), rises to about three thousand five hundred and sixteen. Both these masses belong to a chain of mountains, which, geologically considered, seem to have been formed of the fragments or debris, and rolled flints of the primitive mountains, which, being mingled with sand, or gravel and calcareous sediment, have formed those conglomerations which are technically denominated *Puddingstone*. In the neighborhood they are commonly called *Nagelflue*, because they assume the appearance of a cement stuck all over with the heads of nails. It is obvious that from the nature of their formation, these masses can acquire no great solidity, and must be easily operated upon by the external elements, or by internal forces.

Little, if any doubt, can be entertained, that the Rigi and the Rossberg were originally one mass, which was torn asunder by some convulsion of nature, accompanied probably by an irruption of waters from the south. Convincing proofs of this pristine union were visible before the last catastrophe, both in the color and the direction of the rocky masses; and it should seem that even the whole valley of Art, now covered with verdure, woods, and orchards, formerly constituted a part of the lake of Zug.

The distance from Art to the village of Goldau, reckoning in the continental way, is about half an hour; whence was a distinct view of the lake of Lowertz, with its two beautiful islands. The valley then enlarges, and by travelling southward, you reach Busingen; thence coming round to Lowertz, the road is frequently shaded by noble trees, the cottages decorated with vines, and the whole of this Arcadia with pastoral simplicity. Ruin, however, has continually been at work in this favored region. An old manuscript mentions the village of Röthen, which was built on that part of the Rossberg from which the portion of the mountain was separated in the last catas-

trophe, and which was destroyed by similar means.

Near the summit of the Rossberg, was a solitary thatched cottage (chaumière), the inhabitant of which was alarmed by an unusual noise in the mountain, about two o'clock in the afternoon of September 2d, 1806. Superstitiously attributing it to some malignant demon, he immediately ran to Art for a clergyman to appease the evil spirit. During his absence the moment of the explosion rapidly approached. His wife in the mean time happily escaped with her infant child in her arms, terrified by the repeated crushing sounds she heard, which were followed by the falling of stones and fragments of rock. In a moment, the cottage was swept away. Travellers who were proceeding from Ober-Art to Goldau, observed the top of the Rossberg in a state of agitation, while its trees and orchards appeared as if shook by some giant hand. The whole forest of Goldau was speedily overthrown with a tremendous crash. It was now five o'clock. The rapidity and force with which large masses of stone were driven to great distances can scarcely be imagined; we calculated that stones of no inconsiderable magnitude, were propelled at least an English mile, or perhaps half a league. Entire hills were thrown down, and others substituted in their stead, by the falling and rolling fragments. The lake of Lowertz was suddenly raised above its banks, by the displacing of a considerable portion of its waters; while houses and villages, with their peaceful inhabitants, woods, meadows, pasturages, all disappeared at once! The consternation which seized upon the whole country, and the immediate and agitated search of surviving friends after parents, children, brothers, sisters, and neighbors, can neither be described nor forgotten. The laughing valley became at once, and forever, a gloomy sepulchre!

It has been supposed, and with great probability, that the immediate cause of this calamity was long in preparation, by the gradual accumulation of water and rubbish in the interior of the mountain. This at length burst forth in a torrent of mingled mud and stone, which overwhelmed everything in its course, and rushed into the lake of Lowertz; while the woods and pastures on the surface suddenly sunk into the unoccupied chasm. This opinion derives support from the statement of some shepherds, published at Schwytz, in which they speak of having discovered a cavern, at a considerable height up the mountain, the small opening of which was suddenly enlarged into the form of a prodigious arch. They add, that a collection of water was found within it, the extent of which they could neither explore nor fathom. At a greater elevation were several holes, into which, if a stone were thrown, there was found no reverberation; plainly indicating that the mountain was perforated in this manner to an unascertainable depth.

The extent of the mischief cannot, perhaps, be fully determined. The villages of Goldau and Busingen, with the hamlet of Hueloch, were covered with ruin: the same may be reported of the greater part of the village of Lowertz; while the loosened fragments rolled upon Unter and Ober-Röthen, and swept away a multitude of isolated habitations and buildings in the plain. The waters of the lake of Lowertz, being forced in the opposite direction to the descending mass, endangered the village of Seven, on the other side of the lake, and even destroyed a few houses. On the little islet was found a vast accumulation of wrecks; and in the village of Steinen a quantity of fish had been driven with the waves, and floated about the streets.

It has been calculated that nearly one thousand persons suffered by this convulsion of nature, which was rendered more melancholy by the sudden and surprising manner of its occurrence. Several gentlemen and ladies of distinction, who were at the instant crossing the bridge of Goldau, perished; while some of their companions, who had preceded them only a short distance, were saved. One or two remarkable escapes have been narrated, which there is reason to believe are authentic.

A servant at the village of Busingen fled into a barn; but the place of refuge soon afterwards became a perfect wreck. Providentially a beam was impeded by a fragment of rock, and thrown over his head in a slanting direction, so as to afford him an effectual protection from even the slightest injury. An infant at the breast was caught and borne along the surface of the agitated lake, till it was safely deposited in the neighboring meadow. Some persons went from Lowertz to extricate, if possible, a servant girl from a most perilous situation, in consequence of the house in which she dwelt being overwhelmed with the torrent of mingled mud and stone. She had separated and returned from the fugitive family, with whom she was attempting to effect her escape, to search for one of the children that was missing. At the moment of entering the house,

it seemed to be swept along with great rapidity; and scarcely had she reached the apartment where she hoped to find the object of her pursuit, ere she found herself in darkness, and, to her own apprehension, sinking into a deep chasm. The voice of the child was distinctly heard, but she was incapable of stirring from the place to afford assistance. Concluding that all was lost, she told the child it was the end of the world, that all aid was impossible, and nothing remained but patiently and submissively to wait for death. During this conversation they heard, indistinctly, the sound of the evening bell at the village of Steinen, which in some degree inspired the hope of deliverance. Throughout the whole night, however, they numbered every hour, which successively was deemed their last, till, at the break of day, her master, who had come to search for his wife, but only to find her a stiffened corpse buried in the mud, was enabled to extricate both servant and child from their imminent danger.

Kings and Queens of England.

EDWARD III.

Edward III. was crowned at Westminster January 26, 1327. He was fourteen years old. The parliament established a regency, but Queen Isabella and her favorite, Mortimer, governed the kingdom with an absolute sway. She would never permit the young king to visit his father, who was confined in Kennilworth castle, without either amusements or comforts, and was even treated with the most cruel severity. He wrote to the queen earnestly entreating her to visit him, and to let him see his son, but he could never obtain an interview with them.

The rigorous treatment of this unfortunate king began to excite the compassion of the people, and the irregular conduct of the queen, with the power and arrogance of Mortimer, increased the general dissatisfaction. The queen and Mortimer began to fear some project was forming for the deliverance and restoration of the deposed king, and they resolved to commit him to the custody of Sir John Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gurney, whose views hey could trust, and who soon after received orders to put him to death with the utmost secrecy, which they did in a most cruel manner, but so as to leave no marks of violence. It soon became known that the king had been murdered, as his cries were heard. The regicides escaped from the kingdom, and spent the remainder of their lives in exile. Everything relating to this cruel tragedy was carefully concealed from the young king, who was made to believe that the death of his father was natural.

When Edward the third came to the throne, England was at peace with all her neighbors; but the Scottish monarch, Robert Bruce, though far advanced in years and of feeble health, soon sent an army to ravage the English borders. Edward met him with an army twice as large, when Bruce retired without a battle. A treaty of peace was concluded, by which Edward resigned all his pretensions to Scotland; and to insure good feelings between the two nations, David, a son of Robert Bruce, then only seven years old, and Joanna, a sister of Edward, who was about the same age, were married, with great rejoicings.

About two years after Edward was crowned, in pursuance of the contract made by his mother, he married Philippa, daughter of the Earl of Hainault, at York; and the new queen was crowned with the usual ceremonies. She was a queen of the highest and most irreproachable character; she was beloved for her benevolence, gentleness, and goodnesss, and distinguished for her sense and intrepidity. Their son Edward, the third Prince of Wales, was born at Woodstock, June 15, 1330. He was afterwards known as the famous Black Prince; he was so named from the color of his armor. The king's sister, Eleanor, married Reginald, Count of Gueldres, and his brother John was Earl of Cornwall; none of whom approved of their mother's conduct.

Mortimer, who had been made Earl of March, usurped the sovereign power, and his wickedness and rapacity rendered him odious to all. He took great care to conceal from Edward the true state of things, but he was too sagacious a king to be deceived; and when he was eighteen he resolved to throw off the yoke of this insolent favorite of his mother. He engaged the assistance of many of the nobles, and seized the queen and Mortimer, who resided at Nottingham castle, which was kept closely guarded, the gates of which were locked every evening, and the keys delivered to the queen; but Edward and his friends entered through a subterranean passage; and though his mother entreated him to spare "the gentle Mortimer," the minister was conducted to the Tower of London, and soon after put to death. The queen was confined to her castle at Rising the

rest of her life, which was twenty-eight years, with a pension of three hundred pounds a year.

Edward possessed all the military skill of the age, and in courage and valor was equal to the greatest heroes: he was the most powerful prince and the greatest general at that time in Europe. In person he was very tall and well made; his appearance was noble and commanded respect. His disposition was kind and magnanimous; he was generous to all, and particularly the friend of the poor. His judgment was good, and he conferred honors and rewards on those who merited them. His conversation was easy and agreeable; he was not elated by prosperity nor dejected by adversity; and though his splendid victories were admired by all Europe, it never inspired him with pride; he assumed no honor to himself, but ascribed all his success to the protection of heaven. His judicious policy gave him great power over his subjects.

During the long reign of Edward many years were spent in war with France, in which his son Edward, the Prince of Wales, always distinguished himself for his courage, judgment, and success. At the battle of Cressy, when he was fourteen years old, he led one division of the grand army of England, and performed astonishing acts of valor, which led to the total overthrow of the French army, which at that time numbered one hundred and twenty thousand men, while that of the English was but thirty thousand. In this battle John, king of Bohemia, was killed; and his standard, on which were embroidered in gold three ostrich feathers, and the words "Ich Dien," which means, I serve, was brought to the Prince of Wales, who, in memory of that victory, adopted the device and motto, and it has been borne, ever since, by the Princes of Wales.

At this time, Philip, the French king, induced David, king of Scotland, to invade England, which much alarmed the English, as their king and the Black Prince were in France; but Queen Philippa put herself at the head of an army, and with Lionel, her second son, met and defeated the Scots, and took King David a prisoner to London.

Soon after this, Edward, who had been blockading Calais for eleven months, received a large reinforcement, brought by Philippa from England, and took the place, and demanded that six of their principal citizens should be put to death, but the queen obtained their pardon.

After the death of Philip, his son John continued the war with England; but the Black Prince conquered many provinces, and took John and his son prisoners. On their arrival in London every honor was paid to the captive monarch. Edward received and treated him more like a royal visitor than a prisoner. Prince Edward was almost idolized by the people for his brilliant victories, and was everywhere received with excessive demonstrations of joy. The king ordered thanks to be returned to God for eight successive days in all the churches of the kingdom for his son's protection and success.

England had never before attained to such a pitch of greatness and glory. The prudence, valor, and good fortune of the king, gave splendor to his crown; and the brilliant qualities of the heir apparent afforded the most promising hopes of its continuance. Edward now entertained two captive kings, David Bruce his brother in law and John his cousin. David was a captive for eleven years, and John three years. They were restored to liberty, having been sumptuously lodged and generously treated.

At this time ambassadors arrived from Germany, with an offer of the imperial crown; but Edward was sensible of the expenses and embarrassments in which it would involve him, and declined the honor intended him by the princes of Germany.

The Black Prince governed the conquered provinces in France. He married an English lady called the "Fair Maid of Kent," and established their court at Bordeaux, where for many years he displayed the magnificence of a monarch, and enjoyed a quiet life.

It was in this reign that a destructive pestilence, called the Black Death, raged in Europe for six years. At the battle of Cressy, in 1346, gunpowder and cannon were first used. In 1349 King Edward instituted the Order of the Garter; it was limited to twenty-five, of whom the Prince of Wales was the next after the king; the others were nobles of the highest rank and greatest distinction. They were called Knights of the Garter, or Knights of St. George. Their motto is, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," which means, "Evil to him who evil thinks." In 1358, a tournament was held at Windsor to solemnize the feast of St. George, the patron of this Order of Knighthood, which was the most sumptuous and magnificent that had ever been seen in England. One of these knights founded a monastery called the Chartreuse, which afterwards became the Charter House School, which still exists.

The French language, from the time of the

Conquest, had been in common use with the king and nobility, until it was abolished by Edward, who ordered that none but the English should be used in the courts of law, and in the public deeds.

On attaining the fiftieth year of his reign, Edward caused it to be celebrated as a jubilee, and published a general pardon for all offences. This season of joy was followed by one of universal sorrow, occasioned by the death of Edward, Prince of Wales. He died June 8, 1376, aged 46 years. He was eminent for every virtue, and had long been the pride and glory of the English nation, who sincerely lamented his loss. He was interred at Canterbury, as he had requested. His father was for some time inconsolable, and he survived his renowned son but one year. He died June 21, 1377. He was sixty-four years old, and had reigned fifty years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

The World of Mind.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

A voice floats through the stillness, and breaks upon the calm;
"Little lower than the angels has God made thee, fallen man."
And I sit absorbed in wonder, and ask, whence comes it then
That groveling tastes and trifling toys so chain the hearts of men.
And I think me of that inner life, those joys the most refined,
Which gem the paths of progress in the glorious world of mind.
"Up, reapers! to the harvest," that voice speaks unto you,
Broad fields are lying wasting, there is work for us to do.
Unfold thy wings, my spirit, soar upward, and be free!
There are lofty heights and hidden thoughts, which may be known by thee.
Let thy voice ring out in gladness, let holy psalms arise
Till they pierce the highest cloudlets, and enter through the skies.
Oh the glory and the beauty which dwelleth undefined,
Where the spirit keeps its watching place, in the glorious world of mind.
Thou land of starry brightness, green bowers, and moonlit streams;
Of poets' wayward fancies, and artists' richest dreams—
Where the muses touch their harp strings, and train the mortal hand
To write those notes of music, so all may understand—
Where a Milton sat enchanted, and a Newton his sublime
And ever reaching earnest thoughts wrote on the wings of time—
Where a Franklin chained the lightning, and the gentle music-spell
Of a Hemans, and an Osgood, upon the zephyrs fell.
Yes, the breeze has caught their carols, for the nation's heart they've stirred,
And their echoing spirit-voices have become as household words.
Oh! this glorious world of beauty, where a Guido loved to rest,—
A Rubens, and a Raphael, with angels for their guests.
Where they painted grand old pictures, which hang upon the walls,
In the land of bright creations, far-famed Italia's halls.
How many shades come rushing, to meet us, as we climb
The steep, yet flowery pathway, up through the world of mind.
Oh, mortal, sit not idle down, with useless folded hands,
There is work for thee, yes, earnest work, while travelling through this land.
There are barriers to thy progress, and they must be overthrown—
There are bitter weeds to be pulled up, and seed that must be sown—
There are flowers of fadeless beauty to be nourished else they die—
There are thoughts akin to angels, and aspirations high—
Which lie 'neath piles of rubbish, whence glimpses now and then
Are given to this outer life, soon to be lost again.
Oh proudest workmanship of God! while travelling to and fro,
While tasting life's unnumbered joys, and bitterest cups of woe—
Forget thou not to cultivate those higher, holier aims,
Which reach into eternal life beyond all earthly chains.
All of the great and good of earth point forward to the goal,
The angels who have gone before breathe hope into our souls,
They fan us with their cooling wings, unseen they fly through space,
Bearing the aureolas bright, on victor's brow to place.
Let us press on! the way is steep, but God is just and kind,
And He will guide our faltering feet safe through the world of mind.

BROOKVILLE, IOWA.

LAY SERMONS.

Angels in the Heart.

The heart is full of guest-chambers that are never empty; and as the heart is the seat of life, these guests are continually acting upon the life, either for good or evil, according to their quality. As the guests are, so are our states of life—tranquil and happy, if good; disturbed and miserable, if evil.

We may choose our own guests, if we are wise. None can open the door and come in, unless we give consent; always provided that we keep watch and ward. If we leave wide open the doors of our houses, or neglect to fasten them in the night season, thieves and robbers will enter and despoil us at will. So if we leave the heart unguarded, enemies will come in. But if we open the door only to good affections—which are guests—then we shall dwell in peace and safety. Alas! who is in peace and safety. We have all opened the door for enemies, or let them enter through unguarded portals. They are in all the heart's guest-chambers. They possess the very citadel of life; and the measure of their possession is the measure of our unhappiness.

Markland was an unhappy man; and yet of this world's goods, after which he had striven, he had an abundance. Wealth, honor among men, luxury; these were presented to his mind as things most to be desired, and he reached after them with an ardor that broke down all impediments. Success answered to effort, with almost unerring certainty. So he was full of wealth and honors. But, for all this, Markland was unhappy. There were enemies in the house of his life; troublesome guests in the guest-chambers of his heart, who were forever disturbing, if not wounding him, with their strifes and discords. Some of these he had admitted, himself holding open the door; others had come in by stealth while the entrance was all unguarded.

Envy was one of these guests, and she gave him no peace. He could not bear that another should stand above him in anything. A certain pew in the church he attended was regarded as most desirable. He must have that pew at any cost. So when the annual choice of pews was sold at auction, he overbid all contestants, and secured its occupancy. For all the preceding year, he had failed to enjoy the Sabbath services, because another family had a pew regarded as better situated than his; and now he enjoyed these services as little, through annoyance at having given so large a price for the right of choice, that people smiled when they heard the sum named. He had paid too dear for the privilege, and this fact took away enjoyment.

Envy tormented him in a hundred different ways. He could not enjoy his friend's exquisite statuary, or paintings, because of a secret intimation in his heart that his friend was honored above him in their possession. Twice he had sold almost palatial residences, because their architectural attractions were thrown into the shade by dwellings of later construction. Thousands of dollars each year this troublesome guest cost him; and yet she would never let him be at ease. At every feast of life she dashed his cup with bitterness, and robbed the choicest viands of their zest. He did not enjoy the fame of an author, an orator, an artist, a man of science, a general, or of any who held the world's admiring gaze—for while they stood in the sunlight, he felt cast in the shade. So the guest Envy, warmed and nourished in his heart, proved a tormentor. She gave him neither rest nor peace.

Detraction, twin-sister of Envy, was all the while pointing out defects in friends and neighbors. He saw their faults and hard peculiarities; but rarely their good qualities. Then doubt and distrust crept in through the unguarded door, and soon after their entrance Markland began to think uneasily of the future; to fear lest the foundations of worldly prosperity were not sure. These troublesome guests were busiest in the night season, haunting his mind with strange pictures of disasters, and with suggestions touching the arbitrary power of God, whom he feared, when the thought of Him was present, but did not love. "Whom He will He setteth up, and whom He will He casteth down." Doubt and distrust revived this warning in his memory, and seeing that it gave his heart a throb of pain, they set it close to his eyes, so that, for a time, he could see nothing else. Thus, night after night, these guests troubled his peace, driving often slumber from his eyelids until the late morning watches. If there had been in his heart that true faith in God which believes in Him as doing all things well, doubt and distrust might never have gained an entrance. But he had trusted in himself; had believed himself equal to the task of creating his own prosperity—had been, in common phrase, the architect of his own fortunes. And now just as he was pluming himself on success, in crept doubt and distrust with their alarming suggestions, and he was unable to cast them out.

Affections, whether evil or good, are social in their character, and obey social laws. They do not like to dwell alone, and therefore seek congenial friendships. They draw to themselves companions of like quality, and are not satisfied

until they rule a man as to all the powers of his mind.

In the case of Markland, Envy made room for her twin-sister, Detraction; ill-will, jealousy, unkindness, and a teeming brood of malevolent kindred crowded into his heart, possessing its chambers, ere a warning reached him of their approach. Is there rest or peace for a man with such guests in his bosom?

Doubt and distrust only heralded the coming of fear, anxiety, solicitude, suspicion, despondency, foreboding. Markland had only to open his eyes and look around him, to see, on every hand, the unsightly wrecks of palaces once as fair to the eye as that which he had raised with such labor and forethought, and as he contemplated these, doubt, distrust, and their companions, filled his mind with alarming thoughts, and so oppressed him with a sense of insecurity that, at times, he saw the advancing shadows of misfortune on his path.

Thus it was with Markland at fifty. He had all good as to the externals of life, yet was he a miserable man, and, worse than all, he felt himself growing more and more unhappy as the years increased. Was there no remedy for this? None, while his heart was so filled with evil affections, which are always tormentors. He did not see this. Though his guests disturbed and afflicted him, he called them friends, and gave them entertainments of the best his house afforded.

Sometimes pity came to the door of his heart and asked for admission, but he sent unkindness to double bar it against her. Generosity knocked, but avarice stood sentinel. Envy was forever refusing to let good-will, appreciation, approval, delight, come in. Detraction would give no countenance to virtue and excellence. Doubt made deadly assault upon faith, and trust, and hope, whenever they drew near, while ill-will stood ever on the alert to drive off charity, loving-kindness, and neighborly regard. Unhappy man! Fiends possessed him, and he knew it not.

It so happened, on a time, that Markland, while standing in one of his well-filled warehouses, saw a child enter and come towards him in a timid, hesitating manner.

"A beggar! Drive her away," said unkindness and suspicion, both arousing themselves.

Markland was already lifting his hand to wave her back, when compassion, who had just then found an old way into his heart, hidden for a long time by rank weeds and bramble, said, in soft and pitying tones:

"She is such a little child!"

"A thieving beggar!" cried unkindness and suspicion, angrily.

"A weak little child," pleaded compassion. "Don't be hard with her. Speak kindly."

Compassion prevailed. Her voice had awakened into life some old and long sleeping memories. Markland was himself, for the moment, a child, full of pity, tenderness, and loving-kindness. Compassion had already uncovered the far away past, and the sweetness of its young blossoms was reviving old delights.

"Well, little one, what is wanted?"

Markland hardly knew his own voice, it was so gentle and inviting.

How the pale, pure face of the child warmed and brightened! Gratefully, with trust and hope in her eyes, she looked up to the merchant. There was no answer on her lips, for this unexpected kindness had choked the coming utterance. Rebuff, threat, anger, had met her so often, that soft words almost surprised her into tears.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

Compassion held open the door through which she gained an entrance, and already good-will, kindess and satisfaction had come in.

"Mother is sick," said the child.

"A lying vagrant!" exclaimed suspicion, jarring the merchant's inward ear.

"There is truth in her face," said compassion, pleadingly, and, at the same time, she unveiled an image, sharply cut in the past of Markland's life—an image of his own beloved, but long sainted mother, pale and wasted, on her dying bed.

"Give this to your mother," he said, hastily, taking a coin from his pocket. There was more of human kindness in his voice than it had expressed for many years.

"God bless you, sir," the child dropped her grateful eyes from his face, as she took the coin, bending with an involuntary reverent motion. Then, as she slowly passed to the warehouse door, she turned, two or three times, to look on the man who, alone, of the many to whom she had made solicitation that day, had answered her in kindness.

"So much for the encouragement of vagrancy," said suspicion.

"Played on by the art of a cunning child," said pride.

Markland began to feel ashamed of his momentary weakness. But, he was not now, wholly, at the mercy of the guests who had so long tormented him. Compassion, good-will, and kindness were now his guests also; and they had other and pleasanter suggestions for his mind. The child's "God bless you, sir," they repeated over and over again, softening the young voice, and giving it increasing power to awaken tender and loving states which had formed themselves in earlier and purer years. Tranquillity, so long absent from his soul, came in, now, through the entrance made by compassion.

Markland went back into his counting-room, almost wondering at the peace he felt. Taking up a newspaper, he read of a rare specimen of statuary just received from Italy, the property of a well-known merchant. Envy did not move quickly enough. The old love of beauty and nature, which envy, detraction, greed of gain, and their blear-

eyed companions, had kept in thrall, was already in a freer state; and found in good-will, kindness, and tranquillity, congenial friends. So, love of art and beauty ruled his mind in spite of envy, and Markland found real pleasure in the ideal given him by the description he read. It was, almost, a new sensation.

A friend came in, and spoke in praise of one who had performed a generous deed. There was an instant motion among the guests in Markland's heart, the evil inciting to envy and detraction, the good to approval and emulation. Tranquillity moved to the door through which she had come in, as if to depart; but good-will, kindness, and approbation, drew her back, and held, with her, possession of the mind they sought to rule. Envy and detraction were shorn, for the time, of their power.

Wondering, as he lay on his bed that night, over the strange peace that pervaded his mind—a peace such as he had not known for many years—Markland fell asleep; and in his sleep, there came to him a dream of the human heart and its guest-chamber; and what we have faintly suggested, was made visible to him in living personation. He saw how evil affections, when permitted to dwell therein, became its enemies and tormentors; and how, just in the degree that kind and good affections gained entrance, there was peace, tranquillity, and satisfaction.

"I have looked into my own heart," he said, on awaking.

The incident of the child, and the dream that followed, were, in Providence, sent for Markland's instruction. And they were not sent in vain. Ever after he set watch and ward at the doors of his heart. Evil guests, already in possession, were difficult to cast out; but, he invited the good to come in, opening the way by kind and noble acts, done in the face of opposing selfishness. Thus he went on, peopling the guest-chamber with sweet beatitudes, until angels instead of demons filled his house of life.—*N. Y. Ledger.* T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"Train up a Child IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO."

BY J. E. M'C.

How often is the heart of the Christian mother burdened with the thought of her children's future; not so much lest their lot in life should be full of trials, but for fear they will meet those trials unworthily, and fail at last of the inheritance above. It is a common thing to point out children of pious parents, who have been very carefully nurtured, and yet, when paternal restraint was thrown off, have taken to wild courses, have forgotten the God of their fathers, and died worldlings. And such instances often depress the heart of a thoughtful mother, who feels the spiritual interests of her children nearer her heart than any earthly consideration.

Mother, striving faithfully to discharge your duty towards the little flock around you, take home to your soul this promise as firm as the granite mountains: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." We can better suspect the piety and faithfulness of professing Christians than the truth of the Almighty. "Yea, let God be true and every man a liar." "Have I promised and shall I not perform?" "Train up your child first to habits of uniform obedience to yourself, and you have paved the way for an early obedience to God's will."

Train up your child to love the Word of God. Tell over and over its sweet stories. Children never tire of them, if they are told with a loving voice. Make Sunday the happy day of all the week. Take your little ones early to the house of God, and form the habit of church-going. It is one of the best safeguards your boy can have when he goes out from your roof to meet the world's temptations.

Train up your children to self-denial where it will do a kindness to another, and you have laid the foundation of a wide benevolence in future years. In short, study the Bible carefully and *daily* yourself, that you may have a sure directory by which to guide the young minds intrusted to you. Pray for them and with them every day, and then let your faith rest peacefully on His gracious promise that have turned their tender footsteps into the right way, that "when they are old they will not depart from it."

The Power of Words.

There is a passage in the Bible, says Timothy Titcomb, which teaches that what comes out of the mouth is a great deal more important than what goes in; we are told in the same book, that it is better to live upon very plain food with those that love us, than to feed upon luxuries which are given with unkind words. Now, I believe that almost all brothers and sisters, almost all parents and children, love one another. But in some families they think it is very silly to say anything about it, and you might pass a week with them and never hear

a single affectionate word. They never say to each other: "I love you," or "That is right, dear," or "You are a good boy." They do not like to say, "Thank you," if they can help it; and if you were to ask them why they act thus, they would say: "What is the use of always saying soft things? My friends know that I love them; when things are all right, I have nothing to say; when they are wrong, it will be soon enough to speak." Now, you, children, do not believe this. You are very fond of kind words. You like to be reminded of all the pleasant things. If you have beautiful eyes and a homely nose, you will like much better to hear your mother say, "There comes my bright-eyed little girl," than to hear her always greeting you with "Good morning, Miss Snub-nose." Both expressions have truth in them, but one is a pleasant truth and the other is not.

Now, in order to make each other happy, we must keep the pleasant truths always in sight. If we feel kindly towards any one, we should show it by our conduct, so that there can be no mistake about it. There are some parents that work very hard for their children, and buy them many things when they have not money enough to be comfortable themselves, and yet would almost choke if they tried to say the words, "Thank you, my son; you are a great comfort to me." And there are some children who cannot remember that they ever received a kiss or a word of endearment from either of their parents. Children never like this neglect, and yet they often behave in just the same way themselves. Some children are always teasing their brothers and sisters, and saying provoking things that will be sure to vex them. They only mean to make them a little uncomfortable—not much, only a little. Some children never thank their parents for any kindness; they never say, "Mother, does your head ache?" They never ask if there is any little favor that they can do. They have the habit of never saying any kind words, and they would feel ashamed to begin. They ought to be ashamed to have waited so long.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks and on the tops of hills, where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood, in plain sight of all these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters, happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it—if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime —they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in summer, and, if you live there, you will envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow."

Infant Treatment.

Infant Nursing.—A child, when it comes into the world, should be laid for the first month upon a thin mattress, rather longer than itself, which the nurse may sometimes keep upon her lap, that the child may always lie straight, and only sit up as the nurse slants the mattress. To set a child quite upright before the end of the first month, is hurtful. Afterwards the nurse may begin to set it up and dance it by degrees, and it must be kept as dry as possible.

Friction.—The clothing should be very light, and not much longer than the child, that the legs may be got at with ease, in order to have them often rubbed in the day with a warm hand or flannel, and in particular the inside of them. Rubbing a child all over takes off scurf, and makes the blood circulate. Rubbing the ankle-bones and inside of the knees will strengthen those parts, and make the child stretch its knees, and keep them flat.

Sleep.—In laying a child to sleep he should be laid upon the right side oftener than on the left; but twice in the twenty-four hours, at least, he should be changed to the left side. Laying him on his back when he is awake is enough of that posture, in which alone he can move his legs and arms with freedom. Place the cradle so that the light may come equally on both eyes, which will save him from a custom of squinting. Infants cannot sleep too long; and it is a favorable symptom when they enjoy a calm and long-continued rest, of which they should by no means be deprived, as this is the greatest support granted to them by nature. A child lives comparatively much faster than an adult; its blood flows more rapidly; and every stimulus operates more powerfully. Sleep promotes a more calm and uniform circulation of the blood, and it facilitates assimilation of the nutriment received. The horizontal posture, likewise, is the most favorable to the growth and bodily development of the infant.

Duration of, and time for Sleep.—Sleep ought to be in proportion to the age of the infant, and this salutary refreshment should continue to fill up the greater part of a child's existence. A continued watchfulness of twenty-four hours would prove destructive. After the age of six months the periods of sleep, as well as all other animal functions, may in some degree be regulated; yet even then a child should be suffered to sleep the whole night, and several hours both in the morning and afternoon. Mothers and nurses should endeavor to accustom infants, from the time of their birth, to sleep in the night, preferably to the day, and for this purpose they ought to remove all external impressions which may disturb their rest, such as noise, light, &c.; but especially not to obey every call for taking them

p, and giving food at improper times. After he second year of their age they will not instinctively require to sleep in the forenoon, though after inner it may be continued till the third and fourth ear of life, if the child shows a particular inclination to repose, because, till that age, the full half of ts time may safely be allotted to sleep. From that eriod, however, it ought to be shortened for the pace of one hour with every succeeding year, so hat a child of seven years old may sleep about ight, and not exceeding nine hours: this proportion may be continued to the age of adolescence, and even manhood.

Restlessness at Night.—Infants are sometimes very restless at night; and it is generally owing either to cramming them with a heavy supper, tight night clothes, or being overheated by too many blankets. It may also proceed from putting him to sleep too early. He should be kept awake till the family are going to rest, and the house free from noise. Undressing and bathing will weary and dispose him for sleep, and the universal stillness will promote it. This habit and all others depend on attention at first. Accustom him to regular hours, and if he has a good sleep in the forenoon and afternoon, it will be easy to keep him brisk all the evening. It is right to offer him drink when a young infant, and more solid, though simple food, when he is going to bed, after he is two or three months old, but do not force him to receive it; and never let anything but the prescription of a physician, in sickness, tempt the nurses to give him wine, spirits, or any drug to make him sleep. Milk and water, whey, or thin gruel, is the only fit liquor for little ones, even when they can run about. The more simple and light their diet and drink, the more they will thrive. Such food will keep the body regular, and they cannot be long well if that essential point is neglected.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

My Ride over the Mountain.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Come," said Alexander, my brother.

I drew up my feet on the corner of the lounge, where I had established myself, and looked off with a little shiver to the window.

There was no excuse for chills outside that morning. The rain of yesterday was over and gone, and the sun came into the room with its brave, triumphant smile, and dashed on the floor and walls its streams of gold.

"Alick," I said, not beguiled by the sunshine, because of the low brooding clouds on the sky of my soul, "I don't think I can go over to the Neck this morning."

"Why not?" brief and abrupt, after the fashion of a boy, or as Alick is ambitious, and might resent this term, of a youth of sixteen.

"Because I don't feel like it. I'm not in the mood for it."

"A most wise and excellent reason, truly, Helen," answered Alexander, in a half bantering, half arguing tone. "Nothing in the world ails you but a little touch of the blues, and they'll vanish just as soon as you get out into the sunshine, and shake them off with a smart ride, and a hearty laugh. Come now, *don't* stay here and fill your brain with cobwebs. All you want is a good shaking up, such as Pompey'll give you this morning. I shall be lonely with a ten miles drive over the mountain. Let me have the charm of your society."

The eager voice, the pleading tones, especially the last part of his entreaty, did have some effect on me, and, for a moment, I felt half inclined to yield to his persuasions. But the next moment my feelings surged back into the despondency and selfish indulgence out of which my brother's words had half allured me. The truth is, that I was in an unhappy mood that morning. Nothing *seemed* pleasant to me, nothing looked gracious or lovely to my eyes. I felt generally despondent, irritable, unhappy; and I could at that moment have assigned no reason for my frame of mind. I wanted to be alone, and to brood in silence over vague, imaginary evils, and all mirth, and life, and joy, was discordant to me.

Now I do not mean to affirm that I was entirely and absolutely responsible for my state of feeling on this occasion. Some physical or mental cause may have afforded a partial excuse for it. I was always, unfortunately, sensitive to outward impressions and circumstances; and from childhood have been the victim of rapid transitions of feelings and spirits, for which I could assign no reason. But the fault for which I make no apology was, that I yielded to this morbid state of feeling, that for conscience's sake I made no brave struggle to overcome and vanquish it. My brother was right. It was selfishness and sin, for which God would hold me accountable, to indulge gloom and despondency, which could only result in making myself and others unhappy.

"Alick, you don't know," was my not very coherent answer to my brother's animated tones. "It

wont do me a particle of good to go out this morning. I shouldn't enjoy it; and all I ask of anybody is to be let quite alone until I feel better. Don't urge me farther. It will be of no use."

There crept up a shadow to the bright black eyes of Alexander Stanton, which told me the disappointment was a keen one, but his nature was warm and loving, and I was his only sister, and our father and our mother were in heaven.

"Kiss me good bye, sis," he said, putting his head down to mine, until the short, black curls brushed my cheeks. "I hope you'll get out of the dumps before I return."

It was a small, poor, half-starved kiss that grazed Alick's cheek in return, and then he went out into the sunshine alone.

I crouched closer down on that dark, cold corner of the sofa, and buried my face in my hands; and as I sat there, the look of regret in my brother's eyes came back to haunt me with a silent reproach. I felt it through the hardness and coldness and gloom which had settled down over me, and it was quite in vain for me to search for excuses in my own thoughts which justified, even to myself, my harsh refusal of that morning.

I followed him in his lonely drive over the mountain, with a keen pang of self-reproach, and at last —I cannot remember just how it happened—but I seemed to be wandering through some strange path, with a thick curtain of gray fog gathered all about me, amid which I was utterly lost, while I searched and called in vain for my brother, "Alick! Alick!" At last, from afar off, his voice came to me, full of pleading and anguish—

"Oh, Helen, come and help me—come and help me!"

I strained my eyes vainly in the direction of his voice. I struck blindly through the thick fog, whose gray folds hung damp and chill about me; but I could get no nearer to the voice of my brother, and I cried out in my pitiful helplessness and anguish:

"Oh, Alick, dear Alick, where are you?"

And then my brother's voice came to me, faint, through the fog and the distance—

"I fell asleep, this morning," it said, "for the ride was long and lonely, and the horse took the wrong road, and brought me to the brow of the precipice, and the carriage overturned me here, and I woke up, and caught hold of the branch of a small tree, to which I am hanging now, and the river runs deep, a great many feet below, and the bough cracks and bends, and my strength is failing, and I cannot hold out much longer. Oh, Helen, come and help me!"

And I shrieked out in my anguish and terror:

"The fog is thick, and I cannot see the way to you, Alick."

And fainter than before, his voice came to me, with a sad, despairing reproach:

"Oh, Helen," it said, "if you had come with me this morning as I entreated you, I should not have fallen asleep—I should not be here now!"

And it seemed as though every word was like the thrust of a sharp knife into my soul, and I lifted up my hands and sprang forward through the fog once more, and I opened my eyes, the sunshine was in a broad stream on the walls, and I had alighted on the floor—and lo! it was a dream!

But its awful terror clung to me, and I could not get rid of the impression that some terrible evil had befallen Alick, from which my presence might have saved him; and I then remembered the look of reproach and disappointment in his eyes before he left me, and it was more than I could bear. I resolved to go after him.

My grandfather and grandmother, who had adopted Alick and me on the first day of our orphanage, and who had loved us as well, and indulged us more, than our own parents, would probably have thought wise or judicious, happened to be absent that day on a visit to their son's, our Uncle Robert's family. I went out to the gardener.

"Peter," I said, "I'm going to take a ride. Get the horse saddled at once."

Peter surveyed me in surprise and doubt.

"I'm afraid, Miss Helen, your grandfather would not approve of your startin' off all alone."

"I'll be quite responsible for *that*, Peter. Don't you fear, only do as I say. Get the horse ready, for I must go at once."

My earnestness and imperiousness overcame Peter's scruples. He started for the barn, and in a few moments brought out Valiant, the horse I was accustomed to ride with my brother, although none of the family regarded it as quite safe for me to go off unattended.

Valiant was a gentle but spirited animal—a little fond of frolics and of his own way, unless a master hand controlled him.

Peter looked anxious as I mounted the animal.

"He'll go off on his own account if you don't hold him strong, Miss Helen!" he said.

"Don't be troubled, Peter, I'll manage him," and, taking the reins, I rode out of the gate in a way which gave Peter a new impression of my equestrian skill. But once beyond the curve of the road, which hid me from Peter's sight, I gave the reins to Valiant. He was in fine spirits that autumn day, with its beautiful sunshine and cool, exhilarating winds, and he rushed over the road with hoofs that seemed to spurn the ground.

How we rode! The people stared at us as we passed the farm-houses, scattered sparsely along our track. I remember that the forest trees stood in the distance like great heaps of yellow mists or roofs of flame, for the frosts had been thick amidst them. I remember how the barberries burned, and the golden rod bowed its bright plumes by the stone fences.

But all these things I saw as in a vision. One dread and one terror drove all else from my heart

and thoughts, and it seemed to me that we only crept along the road over which Valiant went that morning catching the spirit of my eagerness, with the speed of a deer. The road was mostly an "up hill" one. The mountain over which our path lay began to ascend gradually a mile from our home. Alexander had three hours the start of me, and I remember the shuddering terror which occasionally went over me as my eyes grazed the road, the precipice, the river, with a fear of encountering that well-known form lying limp and lifeless on the banks, or under the rocks. At last we reached the "Neck," called so because its broad, rich pastures, owned by my grandfather, reached down towards the Sound, and a family resided here who had charge of the farm, and to whom my brother had been charged with some messages that morning. The old red farm-house, with its steep roof and small windows, at last was in sight. Valiant tore up to the front door. I sprang off and dashed into the house.

"Sakes alive! what has happened!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, as she met me in the front door, panting with haste, pale with dread.

"Where is my brother, Alick, Mrs. Hunt?" I gasped.

"He's gone out into the orchard with John, I reckon."

Something of the cold anguish which had clutched at my heart left it at that moment, but the sight of Alick could alone dissipate my fears. I hurried away, not waiting to answer one of the good woman's inquiries. The orchard was not far off, neither were my rapid feet long in reaching it.

There was Alick with Mrs. Hunt's son, under the plum tree, the branches freighted thick with the purple fruit, while a bushel basket stood between them. I heard Alick say, "Now, John, shall you or I go up the tree?"

Before John had time to answer, I burst in between them. I put my arms about Alick's neck. I never realized until then how I had loved him; great shuddering sobs went over me.

"What does it mean—what *has* brought you here, Helen?" trying to calm me, and yet full of consternation as he looked on my white face.

It was a long time before I could tell him. At last, betwixt my sobs, I gasped out the story of my dream, and how it had brought me to him all alone in that hot haste and awful dread, and how I had repented and reproached myself for refusing to accompany him.

And he answered me—dear Alick—with soothing words and kisses. I am sure he never before had loved me just as he did that autumn morning, although we were all the world to each other. In the afternoon we rode home together. What a different ride it was!

Dear young reader, the memory of that dream has been a solemn landmark and lesson of my life. Many a time, when I have been tempted to weak yielding to my own wayward moods and self-indulgence, has the thought of it stirred me up to sacrifice and brave action for the sake of others! And may you, too, breathe some sweetness out of MY RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAIN!

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

POTATO CHEESECAKES.—Boil six ounces of potatoes, and four of lemon peel; beat the latter in a mortar with four ounces of lump sugar, then add the potatoes well beaten, and four ounces of butter melted in a little cream. When well mixed let it stand to grow cool, put crust into patty pans, and rather more than half fill.

AN EXCELLENT LEMON PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of four eggs, add four ounces of white sugar, the rind of a grated lemon, and the juice; mix all together with four ounces of warmed butter; put a crust into a shallow dish, then pour in the mixture; bake in a quick oven. When served, put the pudding out of the dish.

RICE CAKE.—Half-a-pound of rice, half-a-pound of best flour, half-a-pound of pounded sugar, seven eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, the rind of a lemon grated, and quarter-of-a-pound of butter; beat all well together for three-quarters of an hour; bake in a moderate oven.

DOMESTIC COMFORT.—Want of energy is a great and common cause of the want of domestic comfort. As the best laid fire can give no heat and cook no food unless it is lighted, so the clearest ideas and purest intentions will produce no corresponding actions without that energy which gives power to all that is of value, which is never more necessary or available than in the mistress and mother of a family. Those who have it not—and many are constitutionally destitute of it—would do well to inquire of their experience and their conscience, what compensating virtues they can bring into the marriage state to justify them in entering on its duties without that which is so essential to their performance. They should consider that the pretty faces and graceful languor, which as it is especially attractive to the most impetuous of the other sex, gained them ardent lovers, will not enable them to satisfy the innumerable requisitions and secure the social happiness of the fidgety and exacting husbands, into which character ardent and impetuous lovers are often transformed.

Queen's Cake.—Take twelve ounces of flour, one pound of white sugar in powder, and twelve eggs—beating the whites and yolks separately to a froth, one or two teaspoonfuls of coriander; mix well all together, till it comes to a running paste. Some add yeast to make it rise higher, bake in a slow oven.

How to make Magic Lantern Slides by the Process of Diaphanie.—The colors used in painting magic lantern slides are those which are transparent, such as the lakes, sap-green, Prussian blue, distilled verdigris, gamboge, &c., ground in oil, and tempered with mastic varnish. Copal varnish may be used in the dark shades. Draw on paper the subject you intend to paint, and fix it at each end to the glass; trace the outlines of the design with a fine hair pencil in strong tints in their proper colors, and, when these are dry, fill up in their proper tints, shade with black, bistre and Vandyke brown, as you find convenient.

To Keep Silk.—Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish, smooth Indian paper is best of all. Silk intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before it is made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. Thread lace veils are very easily cut; satin and velvet being soft are not easily cut; but dresses of velvet should not be laid up with any weight above them. If the nap of thin velvet is laid down, it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it never can be rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs or handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with toilet pins around the selvedges on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible. When dry the wrinkles have disappeared. The reason of this is obvious to every person. It is a nice job to dress light colored silk, and few should try it. Some silk articles may be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out on the wrong side by a hot flat-iron.

A Good Pudding.—One quart sweet milk; one pint bread crumbs; one cup of sugar; a piece of butter size of an egg; the yolks of four eggs; rind of one lemon, grated. Bake half an hour. Take the whites of the eggs, one cup of sugar and the juice of the lemon; beat the whites stiff, add the sugar and lemon, and pour over pudding when done. Set in the oven and slightly brown.

Fruit Rice Pudding.—Swell the rice with milk, over the fire; then mix fruit of any kind with it—cherries, currants, gooseberries, quartered apples, or anything you like; put in one egg to bind the rice; boil it well, and serve with butter and sugar, beaten together, with nutmeg or mace.

Zinc Wash for Rooms.—Mix oxide of zinc with common size and apply it with a brush, like lime whitewash, to the ceiling of a room. After this apply a wash, in the same manner, of the chloride of zinc, which will combine with the oxide and form a smooth cement with a shining surface.

Whitewash that will not Rub Off.—Mix up half a pailful of lime and water ready for whitewashing; take a half-pint of flour, and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot; stir it well, and it is ready for use. This will not rub off.

To Remove Rust from Knives.—Cover the knives with sweet oil, and rub it on well; after two days take a lump of fresh or quick lime, and rub until all the rust disappears. The oil and lime forms a sort of soap, which carries off all the rust.

If new steel articles are rubbed well with oil, and not polished off until twenty-fours hours after, they do not rust nearly so soon.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

THE BASKET PENWIPER.

These pretty penwipers are very easily made, and are quite an ornament upon a lady's writing-table. They are also very useful, and well calculated for acceptable Christmas presents. The materials are, in the first place, a few pieces of colored cloth, which look all the better for being bright and forming a good contrast. Of these, two rounds are to be cut the size of that which appears in our illustration, both of which are to be bound with narrow ribbon. We have given a diagram of the bell-shaped forms, which are next to be cut in two different cloths, and after having been pinked at their outer edge, are to be tacked up with a needle

and silk of their own color, and then stitched down with as much regularity as possible on one of the rounds of cloth already prepared for that purpose. About half a dozen thicknesses of black book-muslin are then to be cut round, slightly smaller than the two in cloth, and being placed between them, are to be fastened together by a few firm stitches in the centre. The basket rising out of the midst of the two tiers of the bells, is simply one of those pretty, delicate wicker-work baskets which may be purchased at most of the London bazaars and toy-shops, at an almost nominal price. It is fastened down with a stitch in narrow ribbon through the centre of the penwiper, and tied underneath. This little receptacle is intended to hold the sealing-wax, seal, &c., &c.; in fact, any such very small articles as may be useful at the writing-table. In the country, where these pretty little baskets may not be so easily procured as in London, one of the same size made in perforated cardboard can be substituted. The parts being cut to a similar shape, must be bound with a very narrow ribbon, and sewn together. If more ornament is desired, they can be enriched with a little bead-work.

TOILET PINCUSHION.

This little article for the toilet-table is recommended not only by its novelty of shape, but for its being so well adapted to take its place in the front of a looking-glass, when the space is too limited to allow one of the entire circle. A small box of the form which will be seen in our engraving, can be easily purchased, having the cushion on the top of its lid, and being covered and lined with either a pink calico, or a silk of the same or some other bright tint. Immediately below the rim of the opening of this box is a frill of the same material as the covering, just the same depth as the box.

COMIC PATCHWORK.

Comic patchwork is a series of irregular geometrical figures, so combined as to form a representation of the human figure in various attitudes.

From the necessity of using angles more or less acute, in this kind of work, the figures have always a grotesque appearance. The design now described is one which, although presenting apparent difficulty in the execution, will be found perfectly practicable, if the directions given are carefully attended to.

The quantity of silk required to cover each piece is so small, that those who keep up a silk rag-bag will have but little trouble in assorting the necessary number of colors. But those who wish to execute this piece of work, and have no such resource at hand, are recommended to go to any respectable shop where they are in the habit of dealing, and to select one-eighth of a yard of each suitable ribbon, carefully saving the overplus for the next piece of work.

This design may be, when finished, stretched on a frame to form a hand-screen, in which case a pretty lining for the back, and a quilting of ribbon or deep fringe to finish the edge handsomely, will be necessary.

This comic design is also well adapted for a carriage-bag, in which case it would require a neat border round it, also of patchwork, but of sufficiently subdued colors not to interfere with the brilliancy of the central figures.

The ground color is of considerable importance in this kind of work, as, should too bright a tint be employed, the effect of the figures is quite spoiled. Black silk is not objectionable, but by far the best material that can be employed is gray glacè silk—that kind which is made of black and white woven together, but not a dyed gray.

The pattern should be carefully drawn or traced on a sheet of paper. And the worker is recommended to number the pieces, as in the copy, as a guide to the coloring.

Should further aid be necessary, it will be found useful to tint the pattern slightly with water-color, and then to proceed as follows:—

The piece in the corner marked with a cross × should be cut out first, and covered carefully with the gray silk; a second piece should then be cut out, covered, and sewed to the first, before another is cut off. Proceed in this way until all the pieces are covered and sewn together. Observe that only one piece is to be cut from the pattern at a time, otherwise confusion would ensue, and the work be spoiled.

An experienced needlewoman will find no difficulty in executing this pattern, but those who attempt silk patchwork for the first time must be careful, when covering the pieces, to fold the silk exactly over the edge, neither leaving any extra space, or turning down any portion of the paper.

The following selection of colors is recommended; the numbers in the list refer to the proper places in the illustrated pattern:—

1.	Background..........	Gray glacè silk.
2.	Faces, necks, hands	Pink silk.
3.	Young woman's hair	Brown do.
4.	Do. do. dress	Purple do.
5.	Do. do. feet	Black do.
6.	Do. do. handkerchief........	White do.
7.	Do. do. stool	Yellow do.
8.	Old woman's bonnet	Straw color.
9.	Ribbon, curtain, do.	Green do.
10.	Old woman's shawl	Plaid ribbon.
11.	Do. do. gown	Pale small-patterned silk.
12.	Do. do. umbrella	Dark blue silk.
13.	Do. do. feet	Black.
14.	Do. do. chair	Orange.

It will be evident that the sewing must be of the neatest description and done at the back. Should difficulty be found in procuring the requisite fineness of sewing silk, fine sewing cotton, Nos. 50 or 60 (not glacè), will answer very well.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Les Miserables. By Victor Hugo. N. York: *Carleton.*

"*Jean Valjea* ," the fifth and concluding book of a remarkable series of novels; or, more properly speaking, the closing volume of a novel under the general title of Les Miserables, has appeared. This novel is of the painfully intense school, and takes hold of certain crimes and social evils appertaining to French society, and drags them into the light of day. We are not sure that it will do good on this side of the Atlantic; but, in France, we can believe that just such a book was needed.

The character of Jean Valjean, the leading personage, is an impossible one, under any circumstances; and yet, there are so many things about him made true to nature—he is so self-denying, self-sacrificing, heroic—so wonderful to do and dare and suffer; that your sympathies go steadily with the man, even while you note the qualities and conditions of mind and culture, out of all keeping with probabilities.

Victor Hugo is a philosophic novelist, and every now and then he gives you a thought that sets you to pondering. You may read him to profit if you will. His dramatic skill is wonderful. Some of the scenes presented strike you with a vividness and power that almost bewilder. When he rises to the full inspiration of a grand theme, you hang upon his words with an almost breathless pause.

Les Miserables is written in the interest of humanity and virtue; may it not fail in the good designed.

Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Elsewhere in the present number of our Magazine have we referred to this volume, and given a taste of its quality. Don't fail to read "Winter."

Like and Unlike. By A. S. Roe, author of a "Long Look Ahead," "True to the Last," &c. New York: *Carleton.*

The author of this story writes to make men and women wiser and better. He deals with the facts of every day life as they are, and develops his stories with skill and feeling. His characters are never impossibilities, nor human monstrosities. As he sees nature, so he portrays it. Such books are healthy reading. We cannot have too many of them.

The Slave Power: its Character, Career, and Probable Designs: being an Attempt to Explain the Real Issues involved in the American Contest. By J. E. Cairnes, M.A., London. New York: *Carleton.*

The publication of a book like this in England, from the pen of one who so clearly understands the true relation of slavery and the slave interest to our government, is one of considerable importance, as so much thrown into the scale against intervention. The republication in our country is timely. Let it be widely circulated. Another speaking of the book, says:—

"As the crisis of the contest which has torn the Union draws near; as the opposing armies pause face to face; as the political elements are assuming more definite shape, dwarfing all minor interests, and the two main principles of the contest stand out in increasing defiance of each other, the present seems a fit opportunity for a calm survey of the social and economic features of the struggle. That survey will be found in the present volume, which has been lately issued in England. It is not pretended that it contains any new arguments; it is put forth as an admirable summary of what has been urged in isolated articles from every northern press, with all the warmth and energy of combatants in the field. The dust and smoke generated in the conflict have not obscured the writer's view, and the facts and reasoning stand forth here clear, calm, and convincing as the columns of the multiplication table. The tone and spirit of the book are alike to be commended, partizanship and prejudice are nowhere traceable; and the morals and principals of the historic drama now enacting, are delineated with the pen of a philosophic observer. All classes, all parties, will profit by a perusal of its pages."

The Patience of Hope. By the author of "A Present Heaven." With an introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

The author of this book is one of those with whom thought is ever turning itself inward, in self-explorations. She dwells with her own religious states and experiences, and works in the mine of her own soul; apparently trying by intuitions to reach the goal of spiritual perfection. She seems to strive after nearness to God in something of an anchoritish spirit—out of the world of action. Only the few can read and sympathize with her; those of cultured minds, who have accustomed themselves to think closely on religious themes.

The introduction by Whittier is a choice bit of writing. In it, he gives some specimens of the author's poetry, which show her to be rarely gifted in that direction.

First Book in Chemistry. For the use of Schools and Families. By Worthington Hooker, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, author of "Child's Book of Nature," &c., &c. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

As a first book in Chemistry, especially for use at home, we have seen nothing equal to this. It is written in familiar language, so plain that almost any child may take it up and clearly understand the facts of the science it is meant to teach. The illustrations are numerous, and so given as to show how a great many interesting experiments may be made at home with very simple apparatus. Persons wholly unacquainted with the science of Chemistry, will find in this little book a large amount of information communicated in a lucid manner—so plainly expressed that he who runs may read.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"NOT MUCH."

My friend, are you one of the discouraged, disheartened kind of folk? Do you stand sometimes on the mountain peak of the present, and look over the billowy years of your life as they roll away off towards the east and the dawn; and do you say within yourself in bitterness and despondency of spirit, "What have they all been worth? What gain have they brought to me, or what good to others? What am I living for, and what are the thousands of others all about me living for? I'm as good as the mass of mankind. I hope I'm a little better than the most, but the world isn't much better off because I've lived in it, as I can see, and my part in it has been mostly aspiration, aim, and wretched defeat. What a miserable humbug this life is, any how."

Now, who hasn't, at some periods of their lives, had just such thoughts as these, and the finer the quality of your spirit, the deeper your insight into the purposes and responsibilities of life, and the purer your aspirations, the loftier your aims, the more probable it is that you have had these seasons of discomfort and despair.

For the soul which grubs away down in the earthly part of his nature, whose life consists in what he eats and drinks, and especially in what *he can get*, is not very likely to be much disturbed by any reflections of this kind,—he never suspects that *he* owes the world anything, but because he *does* condescend to live in it (though very probably it would be better off if he were out of it,) the world owes him a living, and he means to have it. On those two points you shall find such an one settled.

But to the man or woman who has eyes for seeing, and a heart and soul for feeling and understanding, these hours, which are the *damp days* of the soul, will sometimes gather over it, as the mists gather their gray raiment over the land, until all the beauty and comeliness thereof are vanished.

And who can look out upon his life with its temptations from which he has not been kept,—with its evil from which he has not been delivered; who can behold the mischiefs, the mistakes, the weakness and the failures, and then contrast the life that now is, with the life that might have been, and not feel all, and a great deal more than lip or pen can utter!

For you know, or God help you if you don't, reader, that this living is *hard* work! We go on struggling, falling, baffled; the little daily cares eat, and harrow, and vex the best of us; the great griefs sail down like mighty icebergs from the night and cold of the North, and crush and overwhelm us for a season, and worried and wearied out, we look down the road of the years we have travelled, and say, "What has it been worth?"

And, perhaps, if out of the silence the answer could be read, as it one day will be, from the Eternal Ledger, we should start up with amazement, and joy, and gratitude. Ah, my friend, we none of us know what good we may have done—what seed we may have sown—what hearts we have reached—what souls the words we have uttered, the deeds we have done, may have touched and helped in just the right time.

"It wasn't much of a sermon," said a friend, the other day, "so far as I could see, and I always thought the clergyman who preached it a man of hardly ordinary talent.

"But that very sermon was the means of reaching one young man whose life was changed from that hour, and the small seed sown by that sermon bore a great harvest, for after a time the young man sickened, and died in the faith and the peace of the Christian, and that sermon, under God, saved him."

Ah, reader, we don't know what these lives of ours which seem "not much" worth, these hard, discouraging, slow toiling lives, may be doing in our day and generation. It is not best to be discouraged because we cannot see the harvest gathered into the garner; we can none of us tell as we go through this befogged, beclouded, defiled atmosphere of time, jostling and being jostled against, what helping hands we reach which keep others from falling over fearful precipices, what stumblers we save, what blessed sparks our words are, kindling fires at which, bye and bye there be many chilled, shivering, half frozen souls that shall come and get warm and take heart again.

So, let none of us go grumbling, disheartened, despairing through life. If we have the spirit to do good, let none of us doubt that the chance will come! Mistakes of head and faults of heart—wasted time and opportunities, we have all of us enough to mourn; but let these make us wiser and better for the future.

The loving heart and the tender hand—oh, my friend, if these are your witnesses here, be assured that hereafter there shall be written over the chapter of your life some fairer, nobler title than "Not Much." V. F. T.

"IN CAMP."

Some time ago we visited a camp where a regiment was located, and on our way we met frequent companies of soldiers, men to whose brave hearts and strong arms our country is now looking in her hour of need and peril.

Of course we caught snatches of these men's conversations, and, reader, it is with sorrow and shame that we confess the conversation of many of these volunteers was interlarded with *terrible oaths*.

They evidently thought that it gave power and piquancy to their discourse to defile that Name at which every knee shall bow, and so they intermixed it with coarse jokes and asseverations and loud laughter, that reminded one of the crackling of thorns under a pot. It was terrible to hear, terrible to think of, as that sacred Word which is the one unspeakable legacy to all humanity was

bandied about on those impure lips. Men going forth to deadly battle—many of them never to return—sickness and death staring at them—clutching after them everywhere—in weary marches among the damp miasmas where they drop down to rest, and on the awful field, and reckless and defiant amid all these things, breaking with rude jest and buffoonery that solemn commandment which should be graven on every heart as it was graven on the tablets of stone, "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!*"

Oh, youth, when with heart burning with lofty love for your country and her cause, you enter that great army gathered for her deliverance, make a solemn covenant with yourself that no example and no temptation shall entice you into this evil—that the name of God your Father and Christ your Saviour shall never be taken upon your lips except with the reverence due to it. Carry into those distant camps—carry on those awful battle fields the blessed teachings of the homes you have gone to fight—it may be, to die for!

But never by taunt, or jeer, or base example, be brought so low as to think that your talk is only spicy and good natured—that you mean no harm, and that it is only squeamishness to make such a fuss over an oath or two. Let it be to you something which shall never blister your lips, nor soil your soul, and whatever may be the fate which awaits you in battle you shall have gained *one* victory.

V. F. T.

CARTES DE VISITE.

These charming souvenirs, so popular with men and women of taste, are now sent to all parts of the country by mail at low prices. They are offered by an advertiser in this number of the magazine, at fifteen cents each, or eight for one dollar. *See his advertisement.* No finer photographs than he offers are made. If you wish to stock your Albums with portraits of celebrities, and copies of fine works of art, or to make tasteful gifts to your friends, here is an opportunity for doing so, at a moderate cost. Who may not now have miniature art gems in liberal abundance?

WORDS OF PRAISE.

The Lady's Book for November bears this flattering testimony to the character of our Home Magazine.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—We particularly call attention to the announcement of 'Arthur's Home Magazine for 1863,' to be found in this number. As we have often before said, it is, without controversy, the best two dollar magazine published in the country; and this is the strongly outspoken testimony everywhere given by the press. We know of no periodical that so well deserves the praise bestowed. The editors never tire in their efforts to give, each month, a rich and varied literary repast to their readers. Their work is kept fully up to the standard of their promise, is never dull, yet always full of instruction. We have often said, and repeat it again, that it should make a part of the reading of every household. We know of no better educator of the people, young and old. Of the editors we need not speak; their names are household words all over the country. In their hands no periodical can fail to reach the highest point of excellence.

"OUT IN THE WORLD."

A new serial story, BY T. S. ARTHUR, with this title, will be commenced in the January number of the *Home Magazine.*

LLOYD'S MAPS.

Every one is asking at this time, for good maps of our country. J. T. Lloyd, 164 Broadway, New York, is furnishing them at cheap rates and in finished style. See his advertisement in this number. They can be sent by mail. So accurate is his great map of the Mississippi River (from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico) considered, that the government has ordered a supply for the use of officers. All these maps are on steel, and beautifully colored.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1863.

Our Prospectus for volumes XXI. and XXII. will be found on the cover. As heretofore, the *Home Magazine* will be conducted in the interests of morality and religion, those solid bases on which alone prosperity and happiness are built. It will, as heretofore, embrace all the varied themes of human interest, discussing them in essay, rhyme, or story; unfolding the true, and exposing the evil, that the beauty of the one and the deformity of the other, may be seen as in noonday light.

In the character, scope, and plan of the Home Magazine, no change will be made; but we shall labor for increased interest, usefulness and value in all its departments. The true worth of any periodical lies in the quality of its reading matter—not in its pictures and fashions, which are chiefly for the eye and taste, and have only a transient value—and herein we have ever striven for, and claim a solid merit. A volume of the Home Magazine, bound, and placed in the family library, will give an amount and variety of useful and entertaining reading for the home circle, scarcely to be found anywhere within a similar compass.

CLUBS FOR 1863.

We would suggest to those who design making up clubs for next year, to move early in the matter, and secure their lists of names. The earlier it is done, the easier the work will, in most cases, be found. If you delay, the answer to your application will, in too many cases be,—"I'm sorry! I meant to take 'Arthur's' next year; but I've just gone into a club for ———'s Magazine. I wish you'd come earlier." Move early then, so that your good intentions fail not. Let us have at least the old number in every club. If you can increase it, so much the better.

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A Good Paper.—We don't often notice in our columns any of the so-called "literary weeklies," which are produced in such quantities in New York and Boston. But we must depart from our rule in regard to one which is classed as a "literary weekly," and is so in fact, being altogether unlike the flash concerns filled with the very scum of "yellow covered" trash. The *Saturday Evening Post*, published at Philadelphia, is really a most excellent family paper. It is filled with choice literature, a condensation of the news, and it is withal one of the most decided, fearless and independent Union papers in the country.—*Times, Oswego, N. Y.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This favorite weekly of Philadelphia, continues to flourish and prosper amid the hard times, and looks as bright, cheerful and inviting as ever. We have always regarded the "Post" as the best family newspaper in the country, and worthy of the widest circulation. It always contains the best stories, as well as all the latest news of the day.—*Banner, Clarion, Pa.*

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